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SIXPENCE.
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GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., from a Sketch by an Officer.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is probably because I am "no speaker" myself that the most eloquent after-dinner oratory soon falls upon me; that I drop off—not, alas! asleep, but—gorged after a few minutes of it. I acknowledge the man's superiority; I know that if I were in his place, on my legs, and facing an audience, my knees would knock together; "a sound would ring in my ears," as in Cassandra's, "of armed men" (with shining dessert-knives and flashing forks); my head would spin round and round, and I should be stricken dumb; yet I feel no more "envy of his happy lot" than Kents did of the nightingale's. It does not strike one as amazing that an individual with such a gift should wish to exhibit it—think how a man who can sing, or thinks he can, always yearns to do it—but that people should care to listen to him. Conceive their feelings if he should try it on (to use a vulgar expression) before dinner instead of after! Flown with wine and sated with food, they find him, it seems, more edifying. However, Heaven forbid that I should say a word against a national institution like public speaking, or forget to remember that people suffer from it ten times as much in the United States. In the Austrian Parliament there has recently been delivered a record speech. It lasted for twelve mortal hours, and extended to seventy thousand words all in the German tongue. This is equal to having a six-shilling novel, as novels are nowadays, read aloud to one, with the additional horror that you could not foresee the end of it. The object of the orator appears to have been obstruction, but there was nothing of "cold obstruction's apathy" about it. His partisans cheered and banged the lids of their desks whenever he paused for breath. They gave him wine and black coffee and fifteen glasses of water to wet his whistle, and keep him going; Dickens's Member for Verbosity was a mute compared with him. It was really an astonishing performance, and sent three Presidents (answering to our Speakers) exhausted to their beds. Palmerston could be long-winded, Gladstone was once by an irreverent bard described as "the man of words," but we have nothing to compare with this. Lord Jeffrey in an action for libel was said by the object of his obloquy to have spoken "the whole English language thrice over," but he was rapid in his utterance and did it in two hours. This man was slow.

It is curious that though the Bar has often been ridiculed for the volubility of its members, the Senate, whose sins are much blacker in this respect, has, comparatively speaking, escaped censure. This is probably owing to the fact that members can get away from a verbose orator into the smoking-room or the library till the bell summons them to a division. Only Ministers, or leaders of the Opposition—people who are paid for it—have to stay. It is the compulsion folks are under to listen to them that makes tedious preachers so detestable. One can't be always pretending that one's nose bleeds. Sometimes, however, they have driven their congregations beyond endurance. The Puritans inflicted discourses upon their flocks of such prodigious length that hour-glasses were placed upon their pulpits to remind them of the flight of time. There were even half-hour glasses, but these were too often contemptuously put aside. Roger L'Estrange tells a story of a parish clerk who had sat patiently under a preacher till he was "three-quarters through his second glass," and the whole congregation had (like the Arabs) silently stolen away. At a convenient pause, he rose, and calmly requested that the divine would be pleased "when he had done" to close the church door and push the key under it, as he (the last of the listeners) was about to retire.

It will be a cause of regret, and to some sanguine individuals even of disappointment, that there is a hitch in the Nobel benefactions. The inventor of dynamite, it will be remembered, left £40,000 to be distributed annually among the four persons who have best served humanity by their contributions to science and literature, and this admirable will is being disputed by his relatives. Some second cousin or other urges the claims of kinship against those of genius and virtue, and it is only too likely that the law, with its commonplace and limited views, will decide in his favour. It is a pity, for even in these days of literary prosperity £10,000 (even if one got it but once) is not to be despised. It would not be becoming, and might be thought egotistic, to name those men of letters who were expecting to get it, but I see that Tolstoi is mentioned as a candidate. There must surely be some mistake about this, for how can a man who has taken a vow of poverty and declines to receive money for his copyrights want £10,000? Vereshchagin is also spoken of as "the man who has been the most efficient in making war impossible" by his profuse illustrations of the effects of gun-shot and other nasty wounds. This is encouraging, for on a question of benefit to humanity it would be easy to go one (at least) better than this. Unfortunately, in consequence of the action at law, the four societies who have been entrusted with the distribution of the whole bequest for 1897 have not yet received the money.

An organ of the law contains the alarming inquiry, suggestive of a mixture of Theology and the Labour

question, "Shall Devils strike?" These are not the ones with which I have been so long connected (the printer's demons), but those rising barristers who up to forty years of age or so act as substitutes or "devil" for their seniors. "In return for some eight or nine hours of daily drudgery, these are in some cases let off their room rent, and in others even paid for the work which after hours they take home with them"; but, as a general rule, devilling (like what sounds as if it were its opposite, virtue) is its own reward. To work for nothing is an idea that seems repugnant to reason, and the excuses of those who employ labour on such terms strike one as somewhat contemptible. Still more disgraceful is the custom among our great firms of taking premiums from often very poor young men for doing work for them. It is curious that the capitalist, who has so many bricks heaved at him in these days, escapes this particular missile, because, I suppose, it is a wrong suffered by comparatively few victims. Literature may be a poor calling, and, indeed, in a general way it is ill-remunerated, but I have known few people who write for nothing (except, of course, the newspaper correspondents, a special class sent by Providence to provide for the Press in hard times, like the ravens who brought bread to the prophet), and absolutely none who pay for having their lucubrations inserted in the magazines. It is said, indeed, that some of us employ folks, like sculptors' "ghosts," to write our stories for us, but the occupation is not recognised in the profession.

The "Children's Guild of Courtesy" is, one is glad to see, extending its branches and becoming a great institution. It will form an excellent supplement to the Board School, which, notwithstanding its educational superfluities, has neglected "manners." What is to be feared in such a community is that its teaching should be sentimental and namby-pamby, as is the case with too many of our methods for elevating the rising generation. A goody-goody boy is almost as offensive as a bad boy, and much more unnatural. The rules (which every member is asked to read once a week) are, however, sensible and practical. While they are opposed to bullying, jeering at the poor and aged, and making slides in the street, they are in favour of pluck and chivalry. Members are to show consideration and pity for animals and birds, and not to stand quietly by when others ill-use them. There is nothing more disgusting than the apathy which a large class of our population exhibit at the spectacle of cruelty to the weak and helpless. It is doubtful whether they do not even enjoy it. Notwithstanding the lawlessness and lynching that prevail in some parts of the United States, where the savagery of the wild Indian seems to have been resuscitated, no woman is ever "knocked about" in public, as happens in some parts of London every day.

There are some cases, however, it seems, where humanity (if intelligent) shrinks from interference. In Dublin the other day a man was thrown to the ground by a shock from an electric street-lamp. As he lay there, writhing with pain, a good Samaritan went to his assistance, only to share his electricity without mitigating its effects. Another, thinking to separate a couple engaged in a street fight, became a third victim to the electric current. It is no wonder that other passengers contented themselves with standing at a respectful distance from these champion contortionists, who had become strong electric batteries. Some scientific person, with characteristic coolness, has explained that the incident would not have happened if the first man had not touched the lamp-post. But this cannot always be avoided; in some cases people have to cling to them.

It is not unusual, clergymen tell us, for couples to be married in London who, after the expenses incident to the ceremony, have literally not half-a-crown to start with. In a much higher class there is often a similar difficulty, though not in so marked a degree. In consequence of this fact, and also of the attraction which a marriage always possesses for the spectators, an enterprising circus proprietor has hit upon a scheme by which at least one couple have been made happy, so far as a good pecuniary "send off" could do it. He offered to dowry them very handsomely if they would only consent to be married in a lions' den—of course with the lions in it. I have heard brides say that "nothing would induce them to be married at a registry office," as depriving the affair of the excitement and publicity which are so dear to them; but this leonine proposal strikes one as having erred in the other direction. What a test of friendship it must have been to get a person to marry them under these circumstances, unless he stood outside the bars! "As an old friend of the family," one can fancy the lady writing, "I hope you will consent to perform the service that will make Jack and me one, my dear Mr. Dean. The ceremony will take place, as you have doubtless heard, in rather a curious place," and so on. Perhaps she said something about the prophet Daniel of an encouraging nature. There must have been at least an equal difficulty with the "best man," and, indeed, they seem to have done without one.

An opinion of some authority has been expressed that the march of intellect has increased the number and ingenuity of the higher class of rogues, adventurers, and chevaliers of industry. As to the number, it is quite

possible, since the higher the state of civilisation the greater is the amount of credit given to the average applicant for it. If everyone's credentials had to be examined it would cause a block in social life. But as to the ingenuity, though there are now and then exceptional instances of it—such as the recent device of waiting at the church door on a wet Sunday, and requesting the congregation to leave their umbrellas in the vestibule, and then making off with the pick of them—there is rather a falling off than otherwise in fraudulent geniuses. The French Counts and Italian Dukes who make a short but voluptuous stay at our hotels, and leave portmanteaux full of bricks behind them, but for their titles—which cast a glamour which no innkeeper can resist—would not impose on their victims for a day. There are plenty of ingenious rogues, of course, but just as, while we admit there is much literary merit among us, we miss the literary giants, so there is a lack of first-rate scoundrels. On whom has the mantle of George Barrington fallen, who acquitted himself in society to such admiration, and as a poet has left at least one noteworthy line behind him—

We left our country for our country's good?

(Characteristically enough, it was plagiarised from Farquhar: "Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.") Where is the successor of Vidocq, who, before he became comparatively respectable and a Minister of State, was probably the cleverest rogue that ever lived? The young person who, early in the present century, saw an old gentleman fall dead in Fleet Street, and instantly going on his knees declared himself a penniless orphan, collected subscriptions on the spot from a sympathising audience, and took the body off in a cab and sold it, also deserves to be held in remembrance. They seem to have left no successors, save the one rescued from oblivion in the last "Notes."

One of the results of a too great zeal for improving our minds is that a good many of us have become educated beyond our wits, and this has caused a great increase of sham admiration in literature. The more obscurely an author expresses himself, the more sure he is of securing a certain amount of admirers, and if he is occasionally quite unintelligible, he may even have formed a cult and established himself an object of worship as an "Unknown God." Societies are instituted—not to elucidate him, for that is often impossible, but to show appreciation; there are meetings on his natal day to congratulate the world upon the advent of one who has given it so fine a collection of puzzles; and pamphlets are published to show his superiority to Shakespeare. In some cases these tributes are paid to very inferior literary divinities, but in others to really great writers, whose defects are seized upon as proofs of their merit. There are modern minor poets whose verses are mere riddles in rhyme, and there is one great one, Browning, who has written some of the finest poems in the language, and, unhappily, also a large collection of conundrums. When Douglas Jerrold lay ill, he put "Sordello" into a critical friend's hand, and asked him what he thought of it, at the same time watching his countenance with pathetic anxiety. "But I can't understand a word of it," replied the other, after earnest consideration. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Jerrold gratefully. "You have removed a mountain of apprehension; I thought my wits had gone." There are now many young ladies who "doat" on "Sordello." It appears from "A Browning Courtship" that in America also the poet is loved "not wisely but too well." Seldom has a more humorous description been written than is here given us of a Browning class in a provincial town, with its sham enthusiasm and futile attempts to understand the eccentricities of its patron saint. Two lines of "Old Pictures in Florence" take the class the whole night to expound—

The morn when first it thunders in March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap they say.

One of the ladies takes down the encyclopedia and looks out Ichthyology—

"See here, girls," she said, looking abstractedly at Colonel Parmiter, "the town of Ely, in England, is said to be so named from the reeds having been formerly paid in eels, and Elmore—"

"Does it say anything about the eel leaping in the pond, Mrs. Ellis?" asked the Colonel. He spoke with that severe air of superiority which even the least wise of the opposite sex feels it incumbent upon him to assume over ours if we chance to wander from the subject when he would like the floor himself.

"Electrical eels!" continued Mrs. Ellis. "They are so interesting. Listen to this: 'These eels are captured by driving horses and mules into the water, the electric powers of the fish being first exhausted.'"

Eventually a committee is appointed to look up the subject of eels for the next meeting. When the young lady who pretends to understand Browning when she doesn't, comes to be married, her friends, in recognition of her well-known enthusiasm, give her for marriage presents nothing but Browning's works, his bust, his pictures, and even clocks with mottoes from his poems underneath them. Poor little insignificant Miss Perkins alone behaves in a commonplace but truthful fashion. "Why dear," she says, "you know I don't understand Browning, and it would be an affectation in me to give you anything associated with him. So I've brought you these sugar-tongs." The literary hypocrite embraces her and bursts into tears.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The British Indian army, commanded by General Sir William Lockhart, is holding the broad and fertile valley-plain of Maidan, with the adjacent parts of Tirah, while the Afridi hill tribes, in the surrounding recesses, the "Khels" of various names, having lost the support of the warlike Orakzais to the south, are now hovering about the country eastward, in the direction of Bara, and westward to Kurram, but with little chance of breaking out through strong divisions of the military forces guarding each extremity of that highland region. The Orakzais, confessing their defeat, are sending frequent deputations to make their submission. "Lashkars," bands of fighting Afridis, mostly of the Zakha and Aka Khel tribes, are still infesting the routes leading from the British headquarters camp both to the west and to the north-east, attacking the survey and forage parties; and on Saturday last they came into conflict with a detachment of the 15th Sikhs, under Captain Rowcroft, two of whom were killed and five wounded; but the enemy were dispersed by the timely arrival of a supporting company from another Sikh regiment. Similar incidents are reported from other

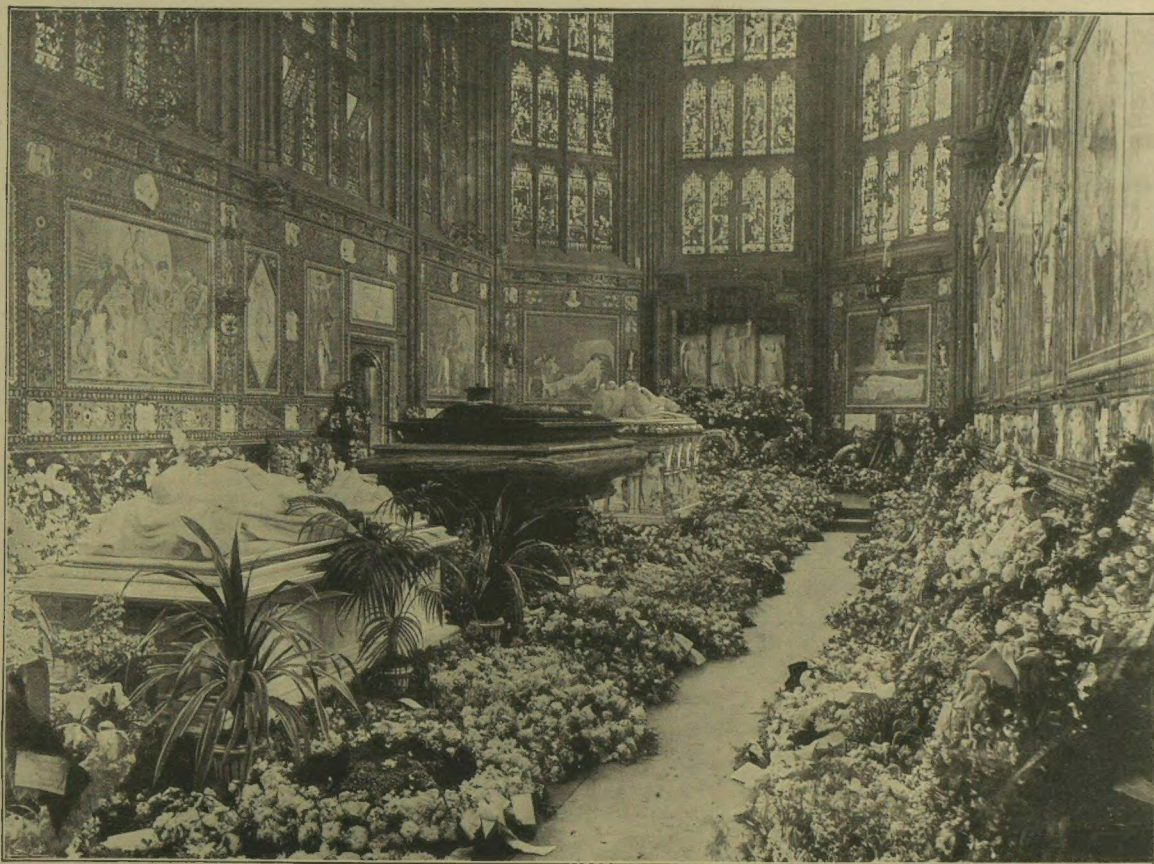
there remained in the Albert Chapel a fragrant garden of wreaths and floral tributes innumerable to bear silent witness to the widespread mourning for a much-loved Princess.

INTO THE KLONDIKE WITH A CAMERA.

Although at present the great majority of the population of the new El Dorado—the Klondike gold-fields—are Americans from Alaska and the Pacific Slope, yet one of the first organised expeditions to reach Dawson City this year, on the heels of the mounted police detachment which started in March last, was a Canadian party under the auspices of an Ottawa company, in charge of Mr. J. H. E. Secretan, C.E. Taking the route over the Chilkoot Pass early in May, Mr. Secretan succeeded in getting his party of six, with a ton or more of food and two Canadian canoes, across the Divide and into Lake Bennett without mishap. There they felled trees, and, with the aid of whip-saws, built a boat, arriving at Dawson among the earliest this year. In their amateur craft, three of them shot the much dreaded White Horse Rapids and Miles Cañon successfully, an unusual and very hazardous undertaking. One of the photographs reproduced (taken by Mr. C. S. Barwell, D.L.S., one of the party) shows their boat coming down the cañon, under the guidance of Mr. Clement Lewis,

playhouse, scarcely adds to his sincerity as an artist, and puts all idea of transferring Thrums to the stage out of the question. Thrums in the throes of Auld Lichtism, so cleverly indicated by Mr. Barrie in many aspects, is essentially a court of conduct which involves the head more than the heart. It is a little realm based on and actuated by a powerful dominating religious conviction, which does not for a moment come within the ken of the average modern and still less of the London playgoer. Thus the Thrums elders in all serious moments appear only as sanctimonious bores or as tyrannous busybodies. Mr. Barrie knows very well that he could never engage the attention of a playhouse with their code of morals or their grim outlook of life; so he has practically reconstructed his story for stage purposes, and made it a mere love-romance in the heart of a rattling farce. Indeed it may be questioned whether rigorous Presbyterianism has ever been ridiculed to such an extent before.

Mr. Barrie has retained a third of the book for half of his play; the other half descends into a comedy of intrigue that does not involve the question of conduct foreshadowed by the first two acts. The Rev. Gavin Dishart, breathing the anti-womanism of his elders, encounters the "gipsy" in Caddam Woods (Act I.), and practically indicts her on the spot. Within a week he has absolutely given way to her fascination, and flirts with her in Nanny Webster's cottage



FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF TECK: THE MEMORIAL WREATHS IN THE ALBERT CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE.

From a Photograph by Ivor Castle, Bristol.

directions; while surreptitious firing into the camps at night has cost the life of Lieutenant C. L. Giffard, of the Northamptonshire Regiment, and an officer of the 36th Sikhs has been severely wounded. Captain E. F. Watson, of the Commissariat, has also been killed. General Hammond's Division is approaching Bara, from Peshawar, and a stiff engagement is likely to take place there. No regret to learn, by the news on Wednesday, that a picket of the Kurram movable column, thirty-five Sikhs of the Kapurthala Infantry, in a reconnaissance up the Kurmana River on Sunday, were cut off by a large force of Chamkanis, and all the Sikhs were killed, their retreat being prevented by setting fire to the grass and jungle.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

With solemn ceremonial, all that was mortal of the good Duchess of Teck was interred in the royal vault of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Wednesday in last week, while memorial services were being held at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and numerous churches throughout the length and breadth of the land, all testifying to the high regard which the dead Princess's noble life and kindly character long since won for her. The officiating clergy at the funeral service in St. George's were the Bishop of Peterborough and the Dean of Windsor, and the sad ceremony was attended by numerous representatives of foreign royalty, besides the principal mourners of our own royal family; and after the departure of the congregation, which had assembled to pay the last sad tribute of honour to the dead Duchess,

son of the Archbishop of Ontario; another, Mr. Secretan with sledge and canoe on Lake Lindeman; while a third view is of the site of their camp at the mouth of the Klondike, at the journey's end, looking down the Yukon.

CHILDREN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Sir Faudel and Lady Phillips have ended their successful stay at the Mansion House by a party of children. That does not sound a very new thing in the way of revels, but the novelty was there in the shape of a collection. The children of plenty were invited to bring their purses with them, and the invitation was accepted so heartily that £1600 was collected for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The production of "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket, on Nov. 6, proved an instantaneous success; but it is a success which does not add to Mr. Barrie's reputation as a serious playwright, and which serves as a striking object-lesson on the comparative intelligence of the reading and the theatre public—not much to the credit of the latter. The essential flimsiness of "Walker, London," and "The Professor's Love Story" seems to indicate that Mr. Barrie has no great opinion of theatrical taste. His transmutation of "The Little Minister," while showing how clearly he has grasped the wants of the

(Act II.) in a coy, *ingénue* fashion, after the manner of modern sentimental comedy. In the third act he follows her to Lord Rintoul's Castle, only to find that she is his Lordship's daughter, Lady Barbara; and we get a comedy of intrigue, in which a stock French maid, such as Dumas gave us in "A Marriage of Convenience," figures, and in which the mock impromptu marriage of the gipsy and the minister in the wood (the device of Scots law is not unknown to the stage) is ratified unconsciously by Babbie's father and her fiancé, Captain Halliwell. Nanny Webster's cottage, with its droning loom, is pictured to the life, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke's portrait of Nanny is photographic. Again, in the end of the second act we get a glimpse of the serious side of Thrums, when the four elders, Thomas Whamond, Andrew Mealmaker, Sneaky Hobart (magnificently played by Mr. Mark Kinghorne), and Silva Tosh, appear in search of the minister who has failed to come to the prayer meeting. But it is only the skill of Mr. Brandon Thomas that removes the impression that the elders are a set of sanctimonious persecutors, and the wish of Rob Dow (Mr. Sydney Valentine) to break their heads is most warmly reciprocated by the gallery. Mr. Cyril Maude, as the Little Minister, frankly figures as a modern Englishman. Miss Emery plays the gipsy in a spirit of brisk farce. Strange to say, it is the minor characters who realise the local atmosphere most thoroughly—the boy Micah Dow (Miss Sydney Fairbrother), the minister's servant Jean (Miss Mary Mackenzie), the mole-catcher (Mr. Eardley Turner), Rob Dow, and the aforesaid elders, and Nanny.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Not for many years has a new Lord Mayor begun his civic reign amid atmospheric conditions so depressing as those which attended the City's annual pageant on Tuesday last; but the loyal Londoner and the country cousin, intent on sightseeing, were alike indifferent to rain, November fog, and a veritable sea of mud, and large crowds of spectators lined the streets throughout the unusually extensive route of close upon ten miles, over which the procession passed on its appointed way. Nor did this patience and enthusiasm go unrewarded, for although the procession bore a somewhat bedraggled look before it had been long upon its way, it offered sundry novelties to the admiring gaze of the crowd. The most noticeable of the new features was the representation of the earliest and latest types of battle-ships in use in the sixty years of the Queen's reign. First came a large model of the *Britannia*, representing the wooden walls of Old England, drawn by six horses and escorted by watermen in knee-breeches and dark-blue coats. Then, in striking contrast, came the youngest of newly built cruisers, the *Minerva*, emphasising not only the great development of naval resource that the Queen's long reign has witnessed, but also the seafaring connection of the new Lord Mayor Davies as M.P. for Chatham. Of the other symbolic cars, the most striking were that typifying British sport of all kinds, from the ancient craft of archery down to the football and cricket of to-day, the latter being personified in a counterfeit presentment of popular Prince Ranjitsinghji, and that which feigned to be an abstract and brief chronicle of the founding of the British Empire. The banquet at the Mansion House, however, formed the only part of the day's festivities which can be honestly described as brilliant. Therein, at least, the desired effect of civic splendour was attained, in safety from the adverse influence of a depressing November day.

The guests of the Lord Mayor, then Sir John Cowan, at the Guildhall banquet in the year of the Queen's accession are not a large body. The Queen was there, and so was the Duke of Cambridge. Besides these only four are known to remain, Sir Stuart Knill, Mrs. Caroline Wheeler, Mrs. Severn, and Mrs. Collingwood. Sir



Photo Scaurille, Peckham.

MRS. WHEELER.



Photo Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

SIR STUART KNILL, BART.



Photo Graham, Leamington Spa.

MR. JAMES DUCKWORTH, M.P.



Photo Edithson, Limited.

MR. JOSEPH WALTON, M.P.

TWO GUESTS AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET IN 1837 AND 1897.

Stuart Knill must have been the very youngest of guests, for in 1837 he was at the beginning of his teens. Mrs. Wheeler, who received an invitation to last Tuesday's feast, says, "She can remember, as if it had been yesterday, the Queen coming down through the row of Councillors and their

ladies"—four hundred and seventy all told. Mrs. Severn, who was Miss Cawthorn, and twenty-one, in 1837, went to the banquet with her grandfather, a wine merchant and Common Councillor of the Ward of Tower. "Never shall I forget that memorable and delightful evening," she now writes from Hindhead, Haslemere. Mrs. Collingwood, of Brighton, went to the Guildhall sixty years ago with her father, Mr. Deputy Hicks, one of the official committees appointed to receive the three months' Queen, and to show her the treasures and relics of the City. "Those who stood near," says this lady, "observed that the Queen was agitated, but looked every inch a Queen."

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Joseph Walton has now won a seat, of which the intervention of an Independent Liberal candidate was not able to deprive him. The fight in the Barnsley division of Yorkshire in 1895 was fair and square between Liberals and Conservatives, the result being that Earl Compton was returned as an advanced supporter of Lord Rosebery, with a majority of two thousand odd over Captain the Hon. R. H. Greville. Earl Compton's elevation, though that is not perhaps his word for it, to the House of Lords brought three candidates into the field, but Mr. Walton has been the victor by a majority of over three thousand votes over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Blyth, and of nearly double that number over Mr. Pete Curran, the Independent candidate.

Mr. James Duckworth is an Alderman for the town of Rochdale. He had already stood for Parliament, but unsuccessfully, for he was a candidate at Warwick and Leamington in 1895. The Middleton division of South-East Lancashire last week crowned his ambition by sending him to Parliament by a Liberal majority of 300, where the late Mr. Thomas Fielden had been returned by a Conservative majority of 865 at the last General Election. The congratulations since received by Alderman Duckworth have included a warm letter of thanks from the long-silent Liberal leader, Sir William Harcourt.



THE OLD BISHOP'S GATE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.



PERSONAL.

Mr. Terrell, late United States Minister at Constantinople, is a bold man. He has published an "interview" with the Sultan, who is described as a wise and benevolent Sovereign with a sad musical voice. Abdul Hamid told Mr. Terrell that he wished to promote the welfare of his subjects without any distinction of race or religion. This pious opinion is recorded as if it were equivalent to an accomplished fact. Still, the Sultan must possess some power of fascination. He has even persuaded several of the reforming "Young Turks" to accept official salaries. As official salaries in Turkey are seldom paid, this is a remarkable illustration of the Sultan's astuteness.

It was generally understood that the nomination of Colonel Schäffer as Governor of Crete had received the approval of the Powers. But the Sultan protests against it as an infringement of his sovereign rights, and it is said that Germany and Russia are disposed to back him merely to spite British diplomacy. What is obvious is that the Sultan means to prevent the concession of autonomy to Crete if he can, and there is no certainty that some of the Powers will not find it convenient to help this intrigue.

The city of Dublin, where Society, as in other provincial capitals, relies much on men of professional and academical distinction for its intellectual vivacity, has lost, by the death of Dr. Samuel Haughton, an eminent Irish scholar and member of Trinity College, a learned author, as well as a medical practitioner of high repute. Dr. Haughton was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, but was vigorous and active until very recently.



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE REV. SAMUEL HAUGHTON.

his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Esdaile. Young Mr. Esdaile's father is the son of Ianthe Shelley, the poet's daughter by his first marriage.

On the coffin of Colonel Chard, V.C., was a wreath of bay-leaves from the Queen, with a card bearing the words: "A mark of admiration and regard for a brave soldier from his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, R.I." Her Majesty had never forgotten the hero of Rorke's Drift, whom she had summoned directly he landed from South Africa. The purchase, shortly afterwards, by the Queen, of Lady Butler's picture of the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift, was in part a tribute to the Colonel; and among the Jubilee presents received this year by the Queen was one from the soldier whom his Sovereign's regret follows to the grave.

We are glad to hear that Mr. J. A. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, who has been somewhat seriously ill, is rapidly approaching complete recovery.

Mr. Thomas Quinn, who retired from political life, in indifferent health, five years ago, died last week at his flat in London, at the age of fifty-nine. Mr. Quinn, who was a builder, had taken a warm interest in politics for some time, when, in 1886, Mr. Parnell favoured his candidature at Kilkenny, and he was returned by a large majority. His Parliamentary career had no very marked episodes, except, perhaps, his failure to be present, on one occasion, to take part in a critical division. Mr. Quinn, at the time of the breach in the Irish Parliamentary party, sided first with Mr. Parnell, but later went over to the majority.

Mr. T. W. Nunn delivered the annual address to the Students' Medical Society, Middlesex Hospital, last week. The society was founded nearly a century and a quarter ago.

Miss Amy Sedgwick, who has died this week at the age of sixty-seven, was unknown as an actress to the present generation, but enjoyed great popularity forty years ago. Indeed, she was so highly esteemed at Manchester that at the conclusion of one engagement, the Corporation presented her with an address and a purse of one hundred guineas. Such municipal enthusiasm is rare in the annals of the stage. Miss Sedgwick made her reputation in London in characters like Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Hester in Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match," Beatrice, and Lady Teazle. Miss Sedgwick was twice married, first to Dr. Parks and secondly to Mr. Goostrey. She retired from the stage twenty years ago, and lived at Brighton, where her portrait was presented to the Corporation. Her fascination for Corporations is not the least remarkable element in her career.

The present Indian war is painfully noteworthy for the heavy British losses, especially in officers. One of these, Captain Frederick de Butts, of the Royal Artillery, was killed in the attack on the Samphaga Pass on Oct. 29. He had commanded the No. 5 Bombay Mountain Battery for six years. His service in the Artillery began in 1882; he received the medal and clasp for the Burmese campaign of 1886-87, and he was with the Suakin contingent in 1896. Captain de Butts, who was only thirty-five, was the second son of the late General Blackwood de Butts, of the Royal Engineers. He leaves his country to mourn the loss of a gallant and devoted soldier.



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. R. MCCREA DE BUTTS.

More about Lord Bute's "haunted house" at Ballechin. A few months ago it was stoutly asserted that mysterious noises were constantly audible. A sceptic reported that the noises were caused by rats and water-pipes and practical jokers. He was sternly reproved for flippancy. But now a correspondent of the *Times*, who has lived in the house for three months, declares that there are no noises of any kind. This is scarcely decisive, for the ghosts may have migrated. If a ghost cannot change his place of sojourn when he pleases, what is freedom?

Surgeon-Major-General Sir William Alexander Mackinnon, K.C.B., who ceased to be Director-General Army Medical Department only last year, did not long live to enjoy his well-earned rest. His death took place last week at his house in Evelyn Gardens, S.W. The son of the Rev. J. Mackinnon, of Strath, Isle of Skye, he was born in 1830, entered the Medical Department of the Army in 1853, served throughout the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55 with the 42nd Highlanders, and on the personal staff of Lord Clyde during the Indian Mutiny. The campaigns in Rohilkund, Byswarrah, and Trans-Gogra gave him further experience, as did the New Zealand War in the 'sixties, and the Ashanti War a decade later. From 1882 to 1887 he was Surgeon-General at the War Office, and it was in 1889 that he became Director-General of the Army Medical Department.

A lion-tamer is likely to be a candidate for the French Chamber. He is a showman of Montmartre, where, he says, the interests of his class are harassed by the local authorities. It is to prevent the oppression of lion-tamers that he wishes to enter the Chamber. If elected, no doubt he will be escorted every day to the Parliament House on the Seine by one of his tame beasts, with a view to overawing tyrants. It would not be a bad idea for the President of the Chamber to send for the lion whenever the assembly gets out of hand and refuses to obey the authority of the Chair.

Captain Arthur W. Cotton, who died at Beira, East Africa, was a son of Lord Justice Cotton. He joined the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards in 1882, in which he was for some time Adjutant; he acted as aide-de-camp to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts in India, a post he was particularly proud to hold; and in the Sudan Expedition of 1885 he won the medal and clasp and the Khedive's star. His early death deprives the regiment of a very able and popular officer, who will long be remembered with feelings of regret by officers and men alike.

A Bishop on a bicycle ought to be at great advantage in the matter of gaiters. The Bishop of Coventry has announced his intention of becoming a cyclist in the

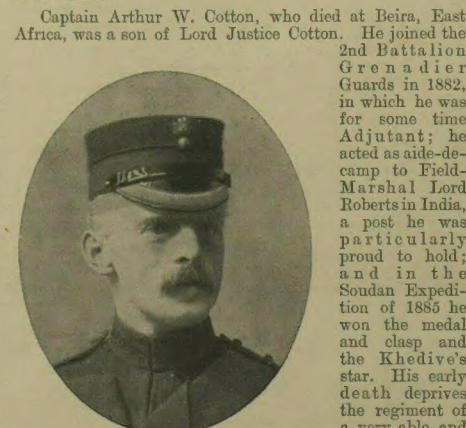


Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE CAPTAIN COTTON.

interests of his parochial work, and if any town ought to have a bicycling Bishop, Coventry is obviously the place. Any lady who is the wife of a Bishop may feel her disadvantage as a wearer of skirts more acutely even than a woman who is the wife of a mere husband in trousers, and we regret to see that Mrs. Wilberforce, the wife of the Bishop of Chichester, has had a rather troublesome fall while cycling.

The Duke of Connaught has given his patronage to a carnival to be held at Aldershot on the 24th of the present month in aid of the Aldershot Hospital, the Gordon Boys' Home, and the National Life-boat Institution. The Army authorities are lending hearty support to the scheme.

A wondrous American boy, aged sixteen, has described to an interviewer how he worked his passage to Europe, wandered through various countries, and earned his subsistence by writing letters to American journals. He has seen and approved of Mr. Gladstone, and he has a great liking for England. Thus, we are sure of at least one sympathiser in the rising generation of the United States. It might be judicious to import more American boys and send them to Hawarden.

The death, at the age of eighty-eight, of that eminent British Consular and Diplomatic official servant of the State, Sir Rutherford Alcock, was not unexpected, as he had been ill for some time. He was a man of large and versatile ability, of high attainments in Oriental scholarship, and of notable personal experiences, ranging over more than the sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign. Beginning active life in the medical profession, he served with the "British Legion" under General Sir De Lacy Evans from 1833 to the end of the struggle for the thrones of Portugal and Spain, when Miguelites and Carlists respectively attempted to deprive the two young Queens, Maria and Isabella, of their lawful crowns. Some years later he was appointed Consul in China, residing successively at Poochow, Shanghai, and Canton; from 1859 to 1865 he held the high post of Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan, and subsequently at Peking, with that of Chief Superintendent of our Chinese trade. Sir Rutherford Alcock retired in 1871.

A wall-painting by Mr. J. S. Solomon, A.R.A., one of six intended to decorate the recesses in the Royal Exchange, was unveiled on Monday by Lord Mayor Sir G. Fandel-Phillips, being almost the last act of his mayoralty. It has been presented by Sir Samuel Montagu, M.P. It represents King Charles I. at Guildhall claiming to arrest the five members of the House of Commons.

The Rev. T. E. Brown died suddenly at the age of sixty-six, while he was staying with an old friend at Clifton College, the scene of his own long labours as a schoolmaster. Though he had among his pupils Mr. W. E. Henley, who afterwards welcomed him among the men of the *National Observer*, Mr. Brown will not be thought of as a schoolmaster. As a poet, he has taken a secure place in the judgment of many of his contemporaries, although his fame could not be called a popular one. The son of a Manx clergyman, the Vicar of Braddan, and the brother of Hugh Stowell Brown, once a well-known Liverpool minister, he himself took orders, and was appointed by the Bishop of Hereford in 1863 to be second master of Clifton College. His first published poem, "Betsy Lee," appeared in 1873, and was followed in 1881 by "Fo'e'sle Yarns," by "The Doctor" in 1887, by "The Manx Witch" in 1889, and by "Old John" in 1893. George Eliot and Professor Max Müller were among his earliest admirers, and readers of the *National Observer*, and, later, of the *New Review*, will not forget the strong and vivid verse which he contributed to those publications. In 1892 he left Clifton College and retired to Ramsey, in the Isle of Man, his early home.

Mr. Passmore Edwards on Saturday laid the foundation-stone of a Convalescent Home at Herne Bay for invalid members of registered Friendly Societies, to be erected by him at a cost of £6000, one of many benevolent institutions, hospitals, free libraries, and working men's clubs, which his munificence has founded as well in London as in different parts of England. "I always feel," he said, "that I am only a steward to dispose of such means as I journey through the world; and whatever I give away, I feel that I still have it. It was mine, it is yours, it is ours."

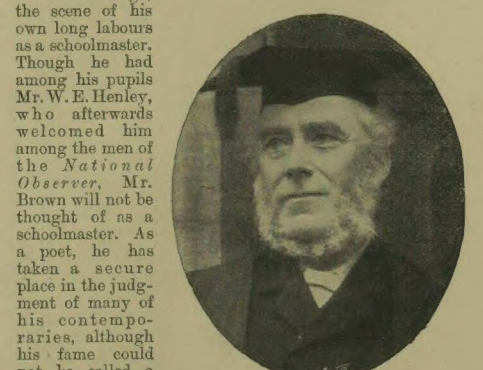


Photo W and A. T. Fig. Brighton.
THE LATE REV. T. E. BROWN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has returned from Balmoral and arrived at Windsor Castle on Friday this week. On Tuesday the Queen had a dinner party at Balmoral to keep the birthday of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at Sandringham, where they are visited by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, from Germany, and by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, from Braemar. The Prince's birthday was kept very quietly on account of the death of the Duchess of Teck; but there was the usual dinner given to three or four hundred people on the Sandringham estate.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies, was installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow on Nov. 3, when he delivered an address upon national patriotism in St. Andrew's Hall. He was next day entertained at dinner by the Glasgow University Club, and made a speech vindicating the foreign policy of the present Ministry. On Friday he spoke at the Union Club of Glasgow, on behalf of the Government, maintaining the complete unanimity of its members and the resolute joint action of the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists in support of Ministers. On Monday the right hon. gentleman was presented with the freedom of the City of Glasgow; he spoke of the great development of municipal institutions, and of the benefits which have resulted from it, but referred to New York as a warning against their abuse.

The First Lord of the Treasury, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., visited Norwich on Nov. 4, and made a speech at a great meeting in the Agricultural Hall, and another at the Conservative Club, replying to those of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Rosebery, on the position of the Government under Lord Salisbury's Premiership, defending its acts of domestic legislation and its conduct of Imperial and foreign affairs.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, was at Sheffield on Nov. 4, a guest of the Cutlers' Company at their annual feast, where he spoke of the expansion of the British Empire, the possibility of a need for greater armaments, and the importance of the steel manufacture. The right hon. gentleman was next day taken by the Master Cutler, with a large party of visitors, to inspect the works of Messrs. J. Rodgers and Sons, cutlery, and of Messrs. Cammell and Co., armour-plate founders; after which there was a luncheon, and he expressed his regret at the industrial disputes between workmen and employers in some of the largest trades of England.

The Earl of Rosebery presided at an Edinburgh dinner, on Nov. 3, given to the Scottish Lord Advocate of his Lordship's late Government, Mr. J. B. Balfour, Q.C., when speeches were made by Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman on behalf of the Liberal party.

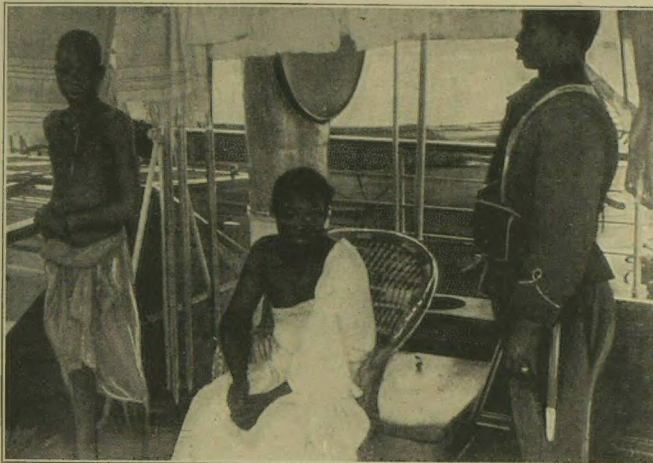
At the polling for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, on Nov. 4, the Liberal candidate, Mr. James Duckworth, of Rochdale, was elected by 5964 votes, against 5664 obtained by Mr. William Mitchell, the Conservative candidate. Mr. J. Evelyn-Liardet has withdrawn, as a Conservative candidate for Deptford, in favour of Mr. A. H. Morton. On Monday Sir R. Webster, Q.C., the Attorney-General, spoke at a meeting of Mr. Morton's supporters. In the Exchange Division of Liverpool, Mr. C. M'Arthur, Unionist, was opposed by Mr. Russell Rea on the Liberal side; the polling was on Wednesday.

The Duke of Devonshire was elected Mayor of Eastbourne on Tuesday; there was a procession with fancy costumes, and a banquet, at which he spoke.

The Board of Trade has continued its endeavours to bring the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Employers' Federation to a conference upon the dispute between them. It seems that the Employers' Federation will not undertake to withdraw their lock-out notices and re-open their works until the workmen's strike notices are withdrawn unconditionally, and they also require that the hours question shall be referred absolutely to the decision of the Conference for a final settlement. Several Bolton engineering firms have put their lock-out notices into execution by stopping work. On Tuesday, however, the President of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, was able to tell the Prime Minister that there was a better prospect of the conference to settle the engineers' strike. Lord Salisbury referred to this in his speech at the Guildhall.

The boilermakers at the ship-repairing yards on the Thames are yet on strike, disregarding the order of the executive council of the Boilermakers' Society at New-castle, which has threatened to disown the London branch and to deprive the men of all benefits of the society if they will not return to work.

Some of the great railway companies have already replied to the lengthy and complicated programme of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, demanding an



THE CAPTIVE KING OF BENIN ON BOARD A NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE VESSEL.

From a Photograph by Mr. R. Burrows, District Commissioner, Sapele.

increased scale of wages, limited hours of work, and facilities of promotion for almost every class of men. The directors of the London and North-Western Company say that they are ready always to give the fullest consideration to any such requests made by the servants of that company through the proper officers. The Great Northern, the Midland, and other companies formally acknowledge the receipt of the paper communicated by Mr. R. Bell. A conference of railway directors of different companies has been held at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

The Operative Cotton-Spinners Association of South Lancashire has been discussing the notice of a general five per cent. reduction of wages declared by the mill-owners to be necessary on account of the depression of trade.

In foreign politics, the only incident of the past week that has attracted much notice is the meeting of the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, with King Humbert of Italy and his Ministers, the Marquis di Rudini, Marquis di Visconti Venosta, and Count Nigra,

The Sultan has not yet shown any disposition to put up with the determination of the European Powers concerning the future government of Crete, and declines to remove his troops from that island.

In South Africa, the opening of the Buluwayo Railway in Matabililand, on Thursday, Nov. 4, in the presence of Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony and Imperial High Commissioner, the Governor of Natal, and other eminent colonial official persons, was a brilliant success. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was unable to be present on account of his recent illness. The Queen has telegraphed her hearty congratulations "to her people at Buluwayo." In the Transvaal, President Kruger is negotiating with the Dynamite Company for a reduction of fifteen shillings the case in the price of that article for working the gold-mines. He has also made arrangements to import cheap native labour.

THE CAPTIVE KING OF BENIN.

Consul-General Sir Ralph Moor, on the West Coast of Africa, in the first week of October, on board the armed steam-boat *Ivy*, belonging to the Niger Coast Protectorate service, was visiting all the trade seaports at the mouths of that great river's sundry outlets, carrying with him as a State prisoner our late subdued foe, the ex-King of Benin, who is to be kept in comfortable exile at Old Calabar. His Majesty is allowed the company of his wives and nearest kindred and personal favourites, with sufficiently good feeding and lodging, wherewith he seems content, and shows a more amiable disposition than some may have believed of him. It appears tolerably certain that the treacherous massacre of the Acting-Consul and other Englishmen, which occasioned the recent war, had not been ordered by this King, but was the act of one of the feudal chiefs, who was afterwards killed in the fighting. The King, however, like his ancestors, under the influence of their horrid Ju-ju superstition, used to practise unmercifully the cruel custom of human sacrifices, filling with the bodies of slaughtered victims five large pits in the City of Benin. Sir Ralph Moor has been trying to teach him better; and when the *Ivy* called at Brass River, inviting the local chiefs to see his illustrious captive, he read them a lecture upon this subject in the court-room of the Consulate, after which they were admitted on board the steam-boat to visit the deposed King.

DESTRUCTION OF OLDBURY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Shortly after five o'clock on Sunday morning, Oct. 31, the parish church of Oldbury-upon-Severn was discovered to be on fire. The ancient edifice, situated on a hill near the river Severn, occupied the site of a Roman camp, and was

a stone building of the Early English style, supposed to have been built in the eleventh century. In 1885 and 1886 the church was restored, and the south aisle and north porch rebuilt, and in January 1892 a new organ was erected in the south aisle. On the evening before the disaster the sexton left the church apparently quite safe at 5.30, having previously lit a small fire in the stove placed in the north aisle, and at about five o'clock on Sunday morning two men who were passing the church on their way to work found that the chancel and tower were in flames. Before seven o'clock the whole of the roof had fallen in, the roof and the interior of the tower, together with the bell, having fallen some time previously. With the exception of the two porches, the building is an entire wreck, the walls of the tower being completely split. Some idea of the fierceness of the conflagration may be gained from the fact that the huge bell was entirely melted. The very ancient font, which was of one solid stone, is also destroyed. The registers, which were kept in the vestry beneath the tower, in a safe, were all destroyed; the safe, when it was possible to reach it, being found to be red hot and cracked. The origin of the fire is at present a mystery, but soon after it was discovered a candle was found partly consumed in the north porch, and an iron candlestick was found on the reredos. It is supposed that the fire was the result of incendiarism. The church was burglariously entered a few weeks ago, but nothing of any great value was then taken. Several of the churches in the neighbourhood have suffered in the same manner, and in some cases damage has been done to the fabric of the churches by the burglars when they found nothing of any value in the church.



OLDBURY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

From a Photograph by C. Eddington, Thornbury.

at Monza, in Lombardy. This interview is believed to have drawn the Italian Government rather closer in the alliance with Austria and Germany which was formally renewed some time ago.

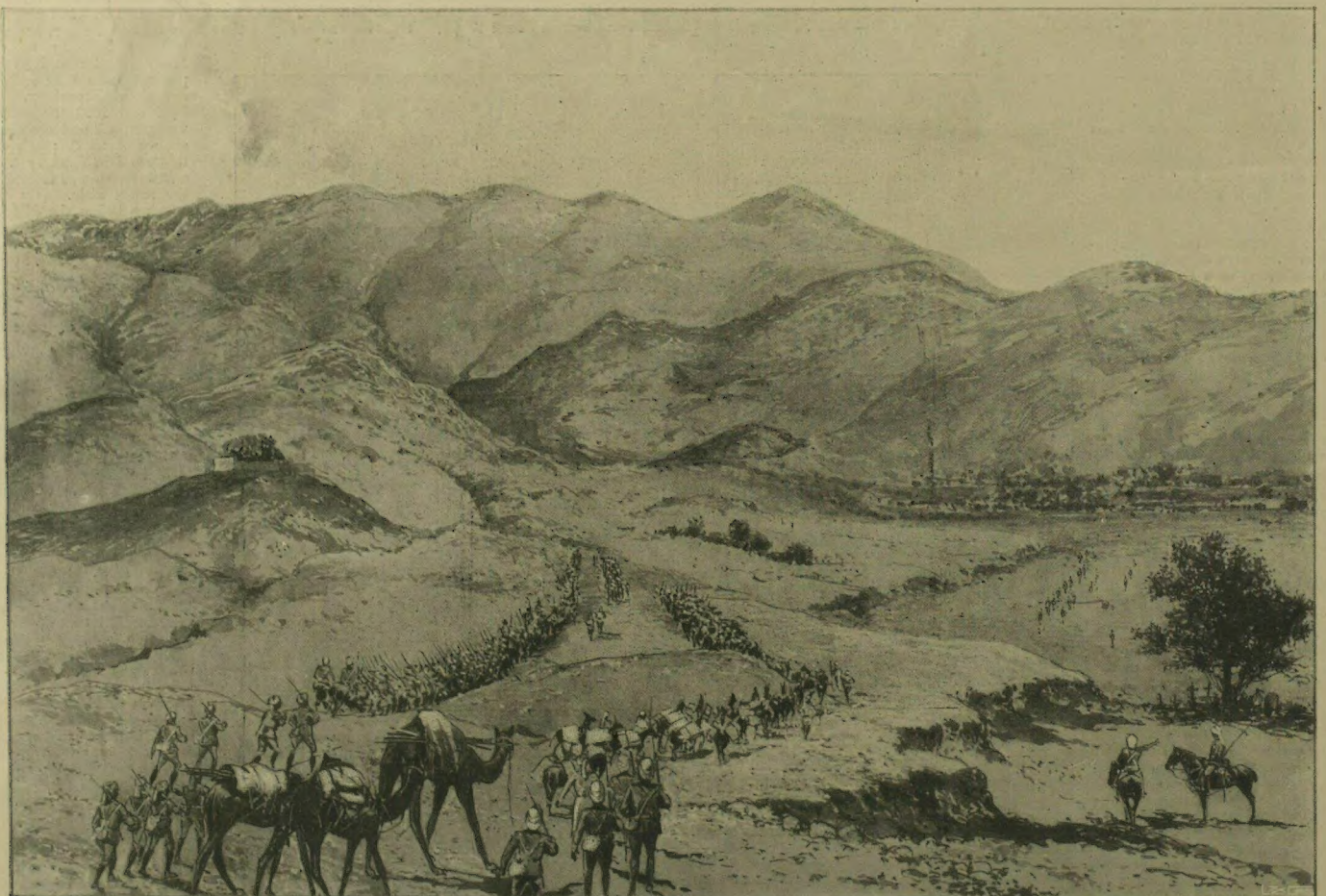
The peace negotiations between Turkey and Greece at Constantinople are going on very slowly, three or four remaining articles, more particularly relating to the Consular jurisdiction over Greeks residing in Turkey, and to the modification of the Thessalian frontier line, being debated from day to day with extreme punctiliousness.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



WITH THE TIRAH FIELD FORCE: THE QUARTER GUARD OF THE 18TH BENGAL LANCERS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.



WITH SIR BINDON BLOOD'S FORCE: ON THE MARCH FROM THE MAMUND VALLEY TO THE SALERGAI VALLEY.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. Tyndall, 88th Dogras, Malakand Field Force.

The Brothers' Grave.

BY

S. BARING-COULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

THE river Tavy bursts forth from its moorland cradle with brawl, foam, and violence, as though on escaping to the champain land it purposed to riot and tumble, overflow and rumple up all the rich and laughing country within reach, to turn it into one great playground for its boisterous, sparkling waters. But it soon finds that it has passed from one sort of restraint to another; the latter is more artificial, but not the less restrictive.

Ascending the valley of the Tavy is a little road or lane rarely traversed by other than wains laden with stone or peat, or by a farmer driving his sheep or ponies or cattle to pasture on the sweet herbage of the moor, and enjoy on its vast expanse absolute freedom to go and do as they will. At the end of the road is a gate, and when you have passed through that gate you have left not cultivation only behind, but all the results of man's labour through ten thousand years, to step out on a bit of the world as it left the hands of the Creator, untouched, unmoulded, untrimmed.

Before you rises the portal of the moor, the gorge out of which the Tavy has sprung. On one hand, a steep sweep of down shooting up to a rounded head; on the other, frowning crags, rising three hundred and fifty feet—here sheer, there with all but precipitous slopes, strewn with rock and boulder, in all sizes and every shape, thrown together into chaotic confusion, but with heather, gorse, and whortle springing up and growing rankly between them, and their broad flanks and shattered heads mantled over with that wondrous texture of Nature's weaving, black and green, silver and orange, even crimson and royal purple—all in dainty touches, and all harmonising into one glow of loveliness. Only when the utilitarian hand of the farmer has set fire to the natural growth, and the flames have run to and encircled the rocks, is this mantle of moss and lichen and springing herb and clinging creeper consumed, and the stones stand out white and ghastly like bleached bones, waiting for the slow and patient hand of Nature to reclothe them once more.

About a mile before the moor gate is reached on this road, the wall on the left-hand side makes a sudden kink, falls back, and passes along the back of a heap of earth and granite blocks of no particular shape or arrangement. The ordinary traveller would go by without noticing anything. If his attention should be called to it, he would probably raise his eyebrows and wonder why the wall-builders should not have carried their construction direct, and have utilised in the wall the earth and stones of this mound.

I am quite confident that this congeries of stones and turf would have escaped my notice had I not gone there especially to see it, directed to it by most minute instructions.

Said an old mason to me: "Sir, have you seen the Brothers' Grave?"

"The Brother's Grave?" I queried.

"No—the Brothers' Grave."

"Oh, you mean the Brothers' Graves."
"No, Sir, I do not. I said the Brothers' Grave."
"What is it?"
"Well, there bain't much to see when you do get there, but you can't mistake it if you mind the wall. That makes a sudden step back so as not to meddle with it."
"But who and what were the brothers?"

I shall not tell the story in the words of the mason, for, in the first place, they were not strictly grammatical, and in the next, because his narrative, like that wall, had kinks in it, to allow of collateral observations on lumbago and embrocations and reminiscences of a great snow-storm, and the sort of tobacco he liked, and his opinions on teetotalism; and, in the third place, because I was able



"My God!" exclaimed the constable. "You have killed him!"

from other sources to add considerably to the tale as told. Consequently, I will relate the circumstances in my own way.

In a cottage that has now disappeared lived, in the middle of last century, a man named Richard Hierne and his wife. He was a labourer, and had been employed on the farm of Wapsworth, which was the nearest inhabited house. But he had not been a regular hand: he was taken on occasionally, and his principal employment was wall-building—that is to say, dry-walling, without mortar. As most farmers are ambitious to encroach on the moor, and there were none to say them nay, Richard Hierne had a good deal of employment; but he had had a quarrel with the Wapsworth tenant, named Tonks, who had dismissed him, and said he would finish his new-take wall by himself with his own men.

Tonks was not an amiable man, and he spoke at the ordinary to his fellow-farmers and exaggerated the offence given, and so wrought that Richard could get no employment. "We must teach them independent chaps a lesson," said the yeomen and farmers.

This happened at a time most unfortunate for Hierne. He had caught a cold that had settled on his liver, and he was ill; and not only so, but his wife was confined at the same time. Richard Hierne went about the country seeking work, but not finding any, and he fell into great discouragement.

One very wet afternoon, as Martha Hierne sat in her cottage alone, rocking the cradle, and looking wan and pinched, there came a rap at the door, and before she could call in reply, the door was opened, and a man entered, so strikingly like her husband that she at once exclaimed, "Richard, back disappointed again?"

"This be I, Martha," said a voice in reply that was not her husband's. "I be Roger and not Richard; us was twins—folk say us be somewhat alike."

"Oh, Roger! I am glad to see you—are you out of work as well?"

"Not I, thank God, but what's the matter wi' you—lauk-a-daisy—there's a baby—who ever had a thought it? A boy or a maid?"

"It's a boy, Roger, and he be named after you."

"Let me see the little chap."

Then the mother, with pride in her face, a glow in her wan cheeks, lifted the poor morsel out of the cradle and laid it on her knees.

"My stars!" said Roger, "he's a regular beauty; but you don't look over well yourself, Martha."

Then out came the whole trouble, the husband not in work, the farmers set against him, and he in a poor way as to his health—no money, no work, and no strength.

"Well, now," said Roger cheerily; "in the first place, I'm wet as a sop wi' this drashy rain. Let me put on one o' Richard's coats, and then I reckon we shall be able to turn out the pockets o' my coat, and there'll be something there for you. I'm a single man, and don't make use of all I earn, and I'm in good employ, thank the Lord."

Roger divested himself of his coat, and put on one that belonged to his brother, and Martha hung up his wet garment before the fire of turves.

"Now, then," said the man, "open your hand and see what I can squeeze into it. Not raindrops only." There was something so cheery in Roger's voice and manner that the poor downcast woman flickered into a smile. But when he gave her a guinea and a half, all in gold, then she broke down completely. She sobbed as though her heart would break, and leaning over her baby, said through her tears: "If this had been but a week ago! Oh, my God! my God! Roger, you do not know all. It is killing me."

"What is killing you? That rampageous baby wi' an appetite like a rhinoceros. O' course you must live up to it."

"Oh, Roger! Roger! It is not that—!" Suddenly she turned cold and frozen as she heard steps, then a stroke at the door.

"I knew it would come—I knew it. We are lost." She bowed over the child and trembled—she could no longer weep.

The door was thrown open, and without ceremony two men entered.

"There you be," shouted one. Martha knew the voice—it was that of Farmer Tonks. "There's your man—arrest him!"

The farmer put down a fowling-piece against the door. "Now, constable, arrest your man. Ha, ha! Hierne. We have come to that, have we—sheep-stealing? And you know the consequences. You will swing for this. The case is clear. I missed the sheep, and you sold the skin to the fell-merchant. It had my mark. He swears to you. Arrest him!"

"Werry sorry," said the constable. "It's a bad job, you know, but Farmer Tonks have sworn an affidavit, and there's a warrant out. Werry sorry, but it can't be helped. It's a job for the hangman, no doubt about that. But there, you ought to ha' thought o' that afore."

Then Martha stood up. She had lost all her weakness. She confronted first her brother-in-law, looked him steadily in the eye, and then, turning to the constable, said: "I knew it. It is a hanging matter. Allow me just a word to Varmer Tonks. Varmer, my man hev' a-took your sheep—only one. I allow he took one. You can't prove

more. Do y' ever say your prayers? Do y' ever ax o' the God above, Lead us not into temptation? Well, it came about as this: Us had no food in the house. There was Richard, there was me wi' my poor little baby, and only just out o' my confinement, and all us three had to live—and had nort to live on. You took away his daily bread out o' Richard's mouth—"

"Not at all; he spat it out—into my face."

"You turned him off."

"He insulted me, 'cos I said he were idle."

"He were not idle, Varmer; he were ailin'; he were took cruel bad in his side."

"That was an excuse."

"No, it were not. He hev' been ill; I hev' been ill, and there come in our trouble and sorrow this little mite to break us down. Then he went everywhere for work, but could get none. You, Varmer, hev' been speaking agin him, and you varmer volk hangs together like bees—there's honey for one, and strap for another from you all. And, God help us! you hang together to sting and kill my poor man, and my baby and me. I ax of you, Mr. Tonks, will you ha' pity on me and my poor tempted man and withdraw the charge? If you do not, then this little babe as is born goes thro' life wi' a brand—just as your sheep—but branded wi' this: 'His father wor hanged for sheep-stealing.' And I, when my Richard be took from me, on what can I and my poor babe live?"

"It is useless; as the constable says, Hierne should ha' thought o' that afore."

"There is payment for your sheep," said Martha, and opened her hand. "A golden guinea. Take it; we ha' bought the sheep, honest-like."

"That won't do," said Tonks.

"Why not? Be sheep and bullocks always paid for the moment they is bought?"

"No, no! A clear case of sheep-stealing. On these moors we cannot be too careful and sharp. We might have a hundred taken. Besides, this is an aggravation. You have the money, but instead of buying—steal. Arrest him, constable. You have the warrant, signed by Mr. Polwheel of Whitechurch."

"Stay," again said the poor woman. "I ask nothing more of Mr. Tonks. I see it is no good. But you, Constable Facey, you'm a different sort o' man. Give me ten minutes to speak alone wi' my husband. He cannot escape. You watch the front door and Varmer Tonks can go to the back. I may not have another chance. If he be committed to Exeter, can I go there wi' my baby? Give me ten minutes. I ask no more."

Then the constable spoke up. He was a good-hearted man. "Sartainly, Martha Hierne, I'll do that by you. It's only raysonable—only raysonable, Master Tonks. You go outside and guard the back door, and I'll keep watch afore the cottage."

Tonks muttered.

"Take care!" said he threateningly to Hierne. "If you make an attempt to escape, I'll put a ball into you. I'm not going to let you cut away over the hills and afar—not I—that's not the man I be!"

"How can he escape, Master Tonks?" said the constable. "There be but two doors, and I reckon the window ain't wide enough to let him through, and up the chimney won't help him greatly. Get along round to the back. I'll answer for him. We must humour the poor woman a bit, seeing she's about to be a widdier."

When Martha was left alone in the room with her brother-in-law, she looked furtively, nervously, about her to make sure that no one was within earshot; and then, still holding the baby, she approached Roger, and said: "You made no answer. They have mistook you for Richard. Oh, Roger! let it be so a bit, if it be the only chance. You know—when it comes afore the magistrate—you can clear yourself with an alibi, or something o' that sort. You be innocent, and you can prove that you were right t'other side of the moor to Ashburton at the time the sheep was took."

"Yes, Martha, I can establish that."

"Then, Roger, let 'em hold to their mistake—at least for a while. It be dark in here, but let 'em take you away and not find out their error, and so give my Richard a chance to escape."

"He will be took."

"No—give him a chance. He'll make a clean run for Cornwall, and get into the granite-quarries somewhere. They won't know where to look for him. Anyhow, give him the chance. Here's a muffler and a slouched hat—hide your face so much as you can. Do it for Richard and the baby and me."

"I will do it, Martha."

Then she started.

"Oh, Roger! there be one thing more. He's comin' home just about this time along the very road you will be took over by them two men. Oh, good Lord! you'll meet him. Then all will be found out."

Roger remained silent. So did Martha.

He looked steadfastly at the child, then stooped and kissed it. "For your three sakes—yes."

"What will you do, Roger?"

"Never mind. I'll run a risk, maybe a great one, but I'll do it."

"It will be evenin' in another hour—it's dusk now wi' this drizzlin' rain."

"Yes—that will help."

Then Roger Hierne went to the door; he had tied the muffler about his throat, drawn up the collar of his coat, and pulled down the brim of his hat.

He presented himself to the constable, who called, and Tonks came round the corner.

"By goles!" said the farmer, "you be mighty careful of your throat; preservin' it for the rope, I reckon, or else ashamed to let your face be seen."

"I reckon you would be that latter were you in his perdicament," observed the constable.

"I in his perdicament!" retorted the farmer.

"That's rare—I a sheep-stealer, indeed!"

"Come along, Richard," said Facey. "The evening be fallin', and, worse than that, a dry drizzle, as they ca' it—like a veil of gauze. 'Taint so wettin' as a shower, but it's nasty."

"I am ready," said Roger.

"Then here's the cuffs," and the constable snapped the steels about the wrists of the prisoner.

The three walked down the road between walls. At the time, these walls extended to the cottage, but not much beyond.

There ensued a dip in the way to the Youldon Brook, an affluent of the Tavy. There were stepping-stones over it—no bridge—and the stream was swollen with rain. It was not possible for the three men to cross the water abreast; they must traverse the stream in single file. The farmer went first, then came Roger, last of all Constable Facey.

All at once, Hierne saw a figure in the way, approaching, descending the hill, and he knew at once it must be his brother.

Instantly he turned, and, raising his linked hands, struck the constable with both fists on the head, and sent him staggering to the brook, into which he fell.

Facey uttered a cry as he went over, and Tonks turned, to see the prisoner running up the hill as fast as he could. He raised his gun to the shoulder.

"Don't fire!" said the constable, rising to his feet; "we'll catch him yet. A man can't run with fastened hands as he who has them free."

He got out of the water. Tonks had recrossed.

"Now we'll have him; he'll take to the cottage."

"Not he; he'll off to the Cleave."

"The gate will detain him."

"He'll be over it like a cat."

The men ran; the ascent was not rapid, and they saw that they would gain on the man they pursued.

"He is past the cottage," gasped Facey.

"He is making for the moor; if he reaches Stannon, we shall lose him. Hah! Look! He is over the gate. Shall I fire?"

"The mist is falling thicker."

"Let me fire; we shall miss him altogether."

They had reached the gate.

"He is on the open moor."

"He will be lost. I shall fire."

"Aim at his legs."

At once the gun was discharged, and the escaped prisoner was seen to fall.

The men threw open the gate. Tonks had leaned his gun on the top shiver while taking aim. They ran over the heather and fine turf, and reached the man, lying prostrate.

"My God!" exclaimed the constable. "You have killed him!"

"By the Lord!" gasped Tonks, "it is the wrong man!"

The two stood silent, motionless, dismayed.

"Who is he?" asked Facey.

"I don't know. I reckon a brother; he's like Richard, but it ain't he."

"Whatever are we to do? We'll get into trouble. This is a proper mess."

"Why did you bid me shoot?"

"I? It was you proposed it—not once, but twice. I said aim at his legs, and you've put a slug into his heart."

"We're in a proper kettle-of-fish."

"I should reckon you were. You sneered at the thought of being hung for sheep-stealing, and you chance now to swing for murder."

"And you as well as me—you bade me fire."

The two men—considering their own predicament much more than anything else—indeed, considering that alone—stood silent.

Presently Tonks said, "We are in one boat, and the only chance for us is to take it quietly and not upset the boat by making a fuss."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said Tonks, "let be that we have killed the right man. We'll take the body to the cottage, and have the crowner there to inquit it; he and the jury won't know no better but that it is Richard Hierne, and I'll stand to it he tried to beat out your brains wi' his manacled hands, and he had you down, and but that I had fired you'd ha' been a dead man. We must make it easy for ourselves, somehow, and if you can show me a better way—then out with it."

The constable considered, pursed up his lips. "There's something of truth in it," said he slowly. "I can swear that he knocked me down. My head is cut."

"And I can swear you bade me fire."

"I said aim at his legs."

"Aye! but at such a moment how could one take aim! Your life was at stake."

"The man has fallen on the wrong side of the cottage."

"What matters that?—we'll suppose it was at the steps. Why not? It don't matter to him where it took place, and it does a dowsed lot to you and me."

"There's something in that," said the constable.

"But—" after a pause, "it'll be terrible awkward if Martha Hjerne lets out."

"She won't do that. She's not a fool."

"Or if Richard were to turn up."

"He won't do that. He's not a fool."

So the two men took up the corpse and carried it between them to the cottage, and as they entered saw a shadow slip out by the back door. Then the constable said in a loud voice, so as to be heard by any man outside—"Martha Hjerne, werry sorry, but here we brings to you the dead body of Richard Hjerne, your husband, as 'as been shot, 'cos he tried to make off—"

"He struck the constable on the head, and would ha' killed 'n had not I interfered," put in Tonks.

"And," continued Facey, "I'm goin' to send for the crowner, and for some men, and they'll sit on him the day after to-morrow. Werry sorry, but after all it's more satisfyin' to the feelin's to be shot than to be hung. You may take that to heart."

Martha, frozen with horror, looked at the corpse, and then at the speakers.

"But," gasped she, "it's—"

"It's Richard Hjerne, your husband; and as such he will be inquired, and as such he'll be buried," said Tonks. "By goles! it would be a rare thing for Richard if we'd a-captivated and shot the wrong man. Why, woman, it would be the saving of his neck, you understand—so long as he kept away, and you held your mouth shut. But, no mistake, we ain't done that. This is Richard Hjerne lyin' dead before you, and who is there as will swear it baint! Not I nor you."

Thus the matter was settled. Martha was shrewd enough at once to perceive the advantage of the mistake, and to resolve to allow the neighbourhood to remain in error.

On the third day the inquest took place, in her cottage, where the light was dim, and made the more dim by a curtain drawn over the small window.

The story told by the constable and Mrs. Tonks was not improbable. The constable had a cut in his head, where he had been struck, or produced by falling against a rock. The decision of the jurors was "justifiable homicide."

Then came the question relative to the burial. "I tell you what," said Tonks, "when a man is hung in chains, it's by the spot where the crime was committed. That's a wholesome custom, it serves as a lesson to evildoers. Now it is high time as an example were made to warn sheep-stealers. Why, bless your life, I've got a flock of one hundred and twenty-four on these here moors, and see how easy it be to steal 'em! I say—bury the man here, at the edge o' the moors, and let his grave stand as a warnin' to sheep-stealers."

And so it was done. Roger Hjerne was laid in the earth, and a mound of soil and masses of granite rock were heaped over him on the confines of the waste.

Soon after this Martha disappeared from the neighbourhood. She confided to none whither she intended going, and none were sufficiently friendly and interested to press her to tell them.

Actually she moved into Cornwall, where she was rejoined by her husband, and he, under a feigned name, got some work as a waller upon the Bodmin moors. But the health of Martha failed. Never strong, the anxiety and the privations she had undergone told on her. First the child died, and then she sank.

Richard Hjerne worked on at his walls. Work he had, but the heart was gone out of him. There were but three whom he loved in the whole world—his wife, his child, and, perhaps, even beyond them, his twin-brother; and that brother had died that he might live; his life had been sacrificed, and that voluntarily: for Roger had known that Tonks was armed with a gun, and had threatened to shoot him should he attempt an escape. Then Richard caught

a cold that settled on his chest, and he was unable further to work.

One morning early—whilst Constable Facey was engaged on his breakfast, Farmer Tonks came into his house, and drew him forth—to where they could not be overheard.

"I say," began Tonks, and his lips quivered, "We're up another tree this time."

"What sort o' tree?"

"A pretty tall one, I should say. Richard Hjerne hev' turned up."

"What—Richard Hjerne!" the constable became blank in face.

"Aye, sure enough, and is lyin' dead on his grave."

"Good Lord! What do you mean?"

"A fact. I went out after some sheep an hour ago on Stannon Moor, and there I seed the grave and a figure on it. When I went close, there, sure enough, he was."

"Not the man as was buried?"

"No, of course not—the man as was *not*, but should ha' been—looking a miserable object, but dead enough. I reckon he'd a come back in the night and died there."

"What is to be done? All will come out."

"There is but one thing to be done," answered Tonks.



The true Richard Hjerne was laid in the same mound with his twin-brother.

"You come along with me and help wi' pick and shovel, and between us we'll bury him in the brother's grave, and say naught about it."

"I don't like it," said Facey.

"We must do it. If we don't, there'll be a terrible to-do."

"Then we must," acceded the constable.

"We must, indeed. No one will see us. No one goes that way except when the sheep are being driven out or home. It was an uncommon chance I went there. I calls it a special Providence, I does."

"Well, I'll be with you. Let me finish my breakfast."

"There's not a moment to chuck away. Finish that darned breakfast wi' your lunch."

So the constable attended Tonks. They passed the empty and already ruinous cottage that had been occupied by the Hjernes. They passed through the gateway on to the open common, and saw the mound and stones and a dragged object lying on the grave.

And then and there the true Richard Hjerne was laid in the same mound with his twin-brother, and none knew of it save those two who buried him.

In after years, little by little, the story leaked out; how, could not be discovered.

"Mum!" Tonks had said by the closed grave to Facey, and Facey had put his finger to his lips and had repeated "Mum!"

How, then, did the story get abroad?

That one solution presents itself to me—Facey and Tonks were both married men.

In the century and a half that has elapsed since the events recorded, encroachment has extended; what was moor is now field, what was common land is now private property, and the lane has been extended with walls on each side, but that on the left makes a kink to respect "The Brothers' Grave."

THE END.

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

Two well-known men of letters have been preaching before the Universities, the Rev. H. C. Beeching at Oxford, and Canon Ainger at Cambridge. Mr. Beeching in his sermon said that the age was witnessing a growing revival of mysticism, and mysticism with all its advantages had one serious danger—that it was apt to be too vague about the nature and attributes of the God with Whom it sought communion. He quoted and protested against Maeterlinck's words that "God is indeed on the heights, but must smile at our gravest faults as we smile at the puppies on the hearthrug." Canon Ainger referred to what he called the cant about art for art's sake, and said that Tennyson's memoir had been a protest against it. "It is true of it, that all through the book we are moving in an atmosphere

of art and aestheticism, but it is no less true that we are moving all the while in an atmosphere of the highest, purest aims, and of a great gift cultivated with the intensest conviction of its great responsibilities."

He also referred to the quarrel between critics and authors in a suggestive way: "Every day we witness the strange phenomenon of some book of the hour—extravagant, unreal—full of false sentiment, false philosophy, false religion, false taste, false humour—selling by the hundred thousand—even though the great majority of the better educated critics hold the book up to serious condemnation or sarcastic epigram. It is safe to say that except for those already of the critics' way of thinking, all argument, all ridicule directed against false taste, is utterly thrown away. It is a pathetic sight to witness at any moment the attitude of the critics, and the attitude of the general public, towards some such book or some work of art. The one engaged in condemning it; the other engaged in buying a edition after edition, and fondly believing it to be the most powerful imagination, the truest picture of life; a store-house of poetry and philosophy."

Dr. C. H. H. Wright, of Liverpool, who is the ablest Oriental scholar among Evangelicals, has been lecturing at Liverpool on the Archbishops' answer to the Pope. Dr. Wright

said that the Bishops should withdraw their letter—it was unworthy of them. It had some good points, but the draughtsmen were evidently men of the English Church Union or the Society of the Holy Cross.

The Bishop of Ballarat thinks of staying in England, owing to his wife's health. Various important charges in this country have been pressed upon him.

Father Ignatius is to deliver a series of addresses during Advent at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, at the request of the rector, the Bishop of Marlborough.

The Bishop of Liverpool has refused to license a clergyman to a curacy in his diocese unless he will give a guarantee not to hear confessions.

In the new edition of his "Introduction to the Old Testament," Dr. Driver brings a most serious charge against the S.P.C.K., a charge which cannot possibly be neglected by the Committee. He says: "The readers of Maspero's 'Struggle of the Nations' and Honnelt's 'Ancient Hebrew Tradition,' published by the S.P.C.K., ought to be aware that in the former the author's conclusions on the history of Israel, and on critical questions connected with it, have been systematically suppressed or altered; and that in the latter many of the terms of disparagement and offence applied to certain scholars have been gratuitously introduced, in both cases without any notification being given of the liberties taken by the translators." Dr. Driver is well known as a scholar who is cautious even to a fault, and the charge is one of the gravest that could possibly be made against a religious society.



NEW CONTRIVANCE FOR THE RAPID RAISING OR LOWERING OF CAPTIVE BALLOONS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Instead of being dependent for the rapid lowering or raising of captive balloons on the winding and unwinding of the windlass, the new method places a pulley on the cable, with about thirty ropes attached, and the height is varied by the men running away from or towards the anchorage.



"THE LITTLE MINISTER," THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, ADAPTED FROM MR. J. M. BARRIE'S NOVEL.

BANNIE (Miss Winifred Emery) giving the red rose to the LITTLE MINISTER (Mr. Cyril Maude) after passing as his wife in Cuddam Woods. In the background two of the elders who hate "scumman," watch the incident with intense disgust.

LITERATURE.

MISS BARLOW'S NEW BOOK.

In essential qualities it would not be easy to improve on Miss Barlow's first stories. The piercing pathos, the generous and exquisite humour, the informing love of human kind, the sense of atmosphere in "Irish Idylls," assured us that a new writer of uncommon quality had come amongst us. Yet later work has shown us that Miss Barlow was timid and unsure of herself in that first exquisite book. The humour which in "Irish Idylls" glinted through a rift in the clouds irradiated "Strangers at Lisconnel," and pours its generous flood in even fuller measure on the pages of *A Creel of Irish Stories* (published by Methuen and Co.). In the later work, also, Miss Barlow has achieved an energy, a vitality, which was absent from her early work. In this book, for example, there is one of the saddest stories she has ever written, "The Keys of the Chest"; yet the happenings in it belong to the active realms of tragedy, and not to the apathetic acquiescence in misfortune which is the note of "Irish Idylls." The effect it has on the reader proves this. Once you see the misfortune that is coming, you resent it, you cry out against it, you find it intolerable; whereas in the "Irish Idylls" you no more resented the trouble than the Connaught peasant resents his potato-crop disappearing under the blight. There is a deal of Miss Barlow's wonderful humour as well. A single humour it is, so kindly, so full of tenderness. The inversions, the delicious topsy-turvyness, the quaint and original observation which is the mind of the Irish peasant, she understands as no one else does—renders as no one else can. Then the hardships which are unknown to the English peasant, with his traditions and habits of comfort—these she makes you feel realistically. The Irish peasant is used to being drenched to the bone—not once in a way, but, say, three days out of five—and of performing his or her avocations in life in that condition, having no change of clothing, if indeed he were minded to change. He is used to clay floors which turn to puddles with the rain, and fires of green twigs or wet turf, and beds which are no beds at all, and food of the most wretched. All this hardship Miss Barlow gets into her pages, as she does the magnificence of clouds, the loneliness of mountains, the desolation of bog-land; and withal, she gets in the soul and the heart, the simplicity and the softness that make this people, amid barbarous surroundings, so much more civilised than well-fed peasants, so much more appealing to all that is best in refined human nature.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy from Roman Times to Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon.* By General Meredith Read. With Illustrations. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus.)
- The Diary of Master William Silence. A Study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Sport.* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
- In Lincoln's Footsteps. A Merrie Tale of Robin Hood.* By Rev. E. Gilbert, M.A. With Illustrations by Ralph Cleaver. (Seeley and Co., Limited.)
- The Savage Club Papers.* Edited by J. E. Muddock. Art Editor, Herbert Johnson. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- Odd Stories.* By Frances Forbes-Robertson. (Archibald Constable.)
- The Dorrington Deed-Box.* By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)
- Deilie Jock.* By C. M. Campbell. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

The late General Meredith Read struck a veritable Klondike of gold in the MSS. found in Gibbon's Lausanne home, La Grotte, which throw light—often new, sometimes startling, and always interesting—upon the lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Madame Necker, etc. The material, in fact, collected for "Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy," was so voluminous and varied that the desultoriness of the book was inevitable. It certainly is distractingly desultory; but however often your interest is transplanted, it never fails to take again immediate root. By the way, it seems that the famous Duchess of Devonshire was the true heroine of Gibbon's ludicrous declaration of love when, mistaking her admiration for his history for admiration of his obese person, he fell on his knees, from which, upon his rejection, he was unable to rise! Indeed, so monstrous was his unwieldiness that it was only with the help of two other women, summoned for this romantic purpose, that the lady could get him again upon his feet. These "Studies" are admirably illustrated.

Desultory also, but extremely interesting, are the studies of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan sport which Judge Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, presents to you under the graphic form of "The Diary of Master William Silence." If the Judge had put always either his own speech or Shakespeare's into the mouths of his personages, the result would have been happier than a mixture where the incongruous phraseology destroys the illusion. Such a sentence as this intruded among Shakespearean quotations is a very new piece on a very old garment. "I perceive, Master Petre," said Silence, "that you have not lost your love for the brute creation, which gave you as your companion at Oxford yonder brock that is now during the assaults of the dog, so that he may welcome your approach." Not the least interesting portion of the Judge's book is the critical appendix, in which he makes a most scholarly attempt to maintain the claims made for the First Folio by its original editors.

Still less convincing is the old English of a boy's book about Robin Hood, "In Lincoln Green." A few such archaic words as "hap," "wot," "quotha," are sprinkled, as with a pepper-caster, over the pages, falling occasionally in the most incongruous places. It is, however, the humour of the book which is most exasperating in its

crudeness. "Breath, quotha!" cried the judge, "I thought I was never to have any breath in my body again, Madam. I have been hit by a petronel, or some diabolical missile in the stom—well, Madam, not to put too fine a point on it—in the upper region of the belly; the which, having some power of resistance, did somewhat give under the shock, yet resisted the impact as a cushion might when beat upon by a stout cudgel." No less exquisite is the humour which made Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his knights all but fall from their saddles with laughter—at the inability of the Reeve of Nottingham to read an address to the King because of a hiccough.

The contributions to "The Savage Club Papers" are interesting in inverse proportion to the fame of their writers. Perhaps the most interesting of all the papers is not fiction but fact—the "Press Reminiscences" of Mr. Edward Peacock. One incident relates to a "penny-a-liner" of an evening journal in the days when executions were public. This gentleman wrote a graphic description of the murderer's last hours and of the final scene on the gallows long before the last hour had struck or the final scene was due; but to preclude the possibility of a mishap he telegraphed later to the governor of the jail, to ask if the execution really had taken place. When the criminal tottered on to the scaffold and Calcraft had pulled down the linen cap over his face and adjusted the noose, the cry of "A reprieve!" shouted by a thousand voices, arrested the preparations. The cap was withdrawn from the wretched creature's white and twitching face, and he looked again at the sun in the hope that he had returned to its blessed



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXI.—MISS JANE BARLOW.

Miss Jane Barlow, who within the last five years has won a place of her own in contemporary fiction by her clever yet truthful studies of Irish peasant life and character, is a daughter of Mr. J. W. Barlow, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and spent most of her early life at Clontarf, on Dublin Bay. There, although possessing scarcely a trace of Irish blood in her descent, she evolved the national spirit which is the chief inspiration of her work. She wrote verses at five, and later on did some translations from the Greek and Latin, but published nothing in volume form until after her thirtieth birthday. "Bog-land Studies," her first book, appeared in 1892, the expense of publication being met by Miss Barlow's fees as Examiner under the Intermediate Education Act. "Irish Idylls," "Strangers at Lisconnel," and other volumes from her pen have since won the hearts of a large public.

light, when the governor, having torn open the telegram and found the supposed reprieve to be the "penny-a-liner's" wire, had to signal to send the wretch to "a second death"!

Charming are the short sketches Mrs. Frances Forbes-Robertson has reprinted under the inapt title "Odd Stories." It is, perhaps, too much to expect us to believe that the heroine of "Princess" should give evidence in Court as the plaintiff in a breach of promise action under the impression that she was benefiting in some mysterious way the defendant, or that the defendant should know nothing of the trial except the verdict, or that the lawyers should know nothing of the evidence on which the case was based till it was sprung upon them, to their confusion, at the trial itself. But these improbabilities notwithstanding, "Princess" is not the least interesting of Mrs. Frances Forbes-Robertson's galaxy of tales.

Different, indeed, are the stirring stories of diamond-cut-diamond scoundrelism Mr. Arthur Morrison tells in "The Dorrington Deed-Box." Mr. Dorrington, having vainly tried to rid himself of their supposed narrator by drugging and drowning, decamped, leaving behind in his hurried flight the deed-box containing records of his more successful crimes. All are of breathless interest, and are told with the dramatic power we should have expected from the author of "Tales of Mean Streets."

"Deilie Jock" is also a history of scoundrelism told in the first person and in the broadest Scotch, a dialect which

suits with the calculating coolness of the narrator's villainies. By the way, Deilie Jock's account of Tammany Hall and the New York police is opportune, interesting, but incredible. According to him, a premium of twenty pounds is exacted for admission to the force on the ground that "the guardianship of order and morality is a paying business. A 'cute constable can soon make a solid pile, and the post is dirt-cheap as an investment at the low figure we have quoted." A little later the hero was waylaid by a policeman in the pay of the biggest scoundrel in the States; and when both fell to the hero's revolver, the policeman, who was both wounded, claimed and got credit, reward, and promotion for the shot which killed his miscreant accomplice!

A LITERARY LETTER.

On taking up my pen, after a month's absence from England, I am startled at the changes which a few weeks have given to the literary world. Death has been busy, and has taken from us Mr. Francis William Newman, whose "Phases of Faith" was once a popular book; the Rev. T. E. Brown, whose "Poet's Yarns" has many enthusiastic admirers; Professor Palgrave, whose "Golden Treasury" has been the cherished companion of many of us for years, and Mr. Henry George, whose "Progress and Poverty" was one of the most popular books of its decade. The biography of Alfred Tennyson has appeared, and has very naturally excited more attention than any biography since Sir George Trevelyan's "Macaulay" was published; while the biography of the Blackwoods has been recognised on all hands as a valuable contribution to literary history. Further than this, the month has seen the publication of a new literary journal, started with all the prestige of the *Times* newspaper.

The first two issues of *Literature* are before me. I naturally hesitate to express an opinion upon them. Some time in the middle of the next century I may venture to write a book, and the possibilities of a review in *Literature*, even at so distant a date, should hold my hand to-day. Personally I may admit, however, that I find the reviews in the early numbers somewhat heavy reading; I have not, so far, come across a single review which shows a special grasp of the subject in hand—that plenitude of knowledge which distinguishes Mr. S. R. Gardiner's reviews, Mr. Christie's treatment of the Dryden period, or Mr. Courthope of Pope and his time. The recognition of the indispensableness of the specialist, which was common to literary journalism twenty years ago, seems to be fast disappearing. I notice also a certain deficiency in the literary gossip columns. These are neither briskly written, nor are they sufficiently newsworthy. With all the prestige of the *Times* behind him, Mr. Traill ought to have been able to give us an excellent collection of paragraphs concerning forthcoming books. There are numbers of men contributing literary notes to the London morning and evening newspapers who would have served him better than he seems to be served at present: Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. W. P. Ryan, Mr. Cumming, Mr. Davenport Adams—to name but four or five of the writers of literary notes whose work it should have been Mr. Traill's business to make himself acquainted with.

If *Literature* does not succeed, it will not be for want of careful effort in certain directions, where the journal will have an advantage over any rival publication. The *Times* correspondents, for example, in all the great capitals of the world have, I believe, been instructed to provide material and to collect articles, and, as no journal has anything like so able a staff of representatives abroad, the foreign side of the paper should be very thoroughly done; and I have no doubt, further, that the British side will be done with equal thoroughness when Mr. Traill has got his hand in, and has managed to sift the conflicting advice of a hundred or two good-natured friends. The third number, which reaches me as I write, does show a little improvement. Still, *Literature* is old-fashioned, and if it fails its epitaph will be that of Rob Roy—"It came an age too late."

I congratulate the editor of the *Academy* on a move which should considerably increase his circulation, and which I trust may have that effect. Some ten years ago the *Pull Mall Gazette* published a list of forty men of letters whom it considered worthy of a place in an English Academy. The *Academy* newspaper has done the same to-day; but whereas the *Pull Mall Gazette* went to the votes of its readers to arrive at a result, the *Academy* has been content to rely on the opinion of its staff; and one's opinion of the literary judgment of that staff is not enhanced by the result attained. It is true that eighteen of the distinguished men who were in the *Pull Mall Academy* of 1887 are now dead, but although our literature has in that period lost many of its greatest writers, it has still a sufficiency of scholarship to have made the task of selecting an Academy—an organisation, that is to say, which shall adjudicate upon philological and kindred questions—of no more difficulty to-day than it was ten years ago.

The *Academy* list, however, is an entirely hopeless one. It is only necessary to mention, for example, the name of Father Gasquet to indicate the absolute fatuousness of the selection. Gasquet is a Roman Catholic priest who has laboured diligently in the field of sixteenth century historical research. He has written without illumination, and with a prejudice as rampant as that which would have characterised a d'Aubigné on the other side, if d'Aubigné on the other side were not now an extinct species. He is a d'Aubigné without his learning. There are probably five or six hundred clergymen of the

Church of England who have as great claims for consideration as Father Gasquet, who could write as good English, and have as great an amount of historical knowledge. The inclusion of his name would seem to indicate that the *Academy* staff is composed of bigoted Roman Catholics. Intelligent Roman Catholics would prefer to be represented by Lord Acton, whose learning would in any case have secured him the support of Protestants.

The inclusion of the name of Henry James would imply that the *Academy* does not know that he is an American, and not an Englishman. If Mr. James, why not one or other distinguished members of the French Academy; why not Professor Mommsen? Why worthy old Dr. Salmon, of Trinity College, Dublin, as against any number of distinguished men who are ruling at Oxford and at Cambridge? But what the *Academy's* staff has got to understand primarily is that an Academy—if such a disaster should ever come to English literature—would not consist of writers of children's stories like Lewis Carroll or humorists like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, nor even of very minor poets and second-rate novelists. Our literature is not summed up in these pertinacious small fry. It would be composed of the Max Müllers, the Cairds, and other men of scholarship and learning whom we have, happily, still in our midst to-day. Professor Marshall would be invited as a representative economist, Professors Sidgwick and Bain as rival representatives of ethics, Dr. Martineau and Principal Fairbairn as representative theologians, Lord Kelvin and Sir Archibald Geikie as leaders of science, and, above all, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Arthur Balfour as representatives of the literary feeling in statesmanship. With some eight or ten exceptions, in fact, the selected forty which a consensus of real learning in Great Britain would appoint as an Academy would be precisely the people who are absolutely unknown to the *Academy* list. O. K. S.



MONUMENT TO THE LATE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAN FRANCISCO.

From a Photograph by C. Weileuer, San Francisco.

MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It is fitting, for many reasons, that San Francisco should be the first city in the United States to unveil a memorial to Stevenson. All cultured Americans are great admirers of the departed author; his works are widely read throughout the States, and the news of his death brought forth many keen expressions of regret from all parts of the country. Nowhere was the feeling stronger than in San Francisco, for Stevenson was well known here, and had paid frequent visits to this most cosmopolitan of all cities. The memorial fountain, which was unveiled without ceremony on Oct. 17, stands in the old Plaza, an open space which, in the palmy days of the gold fever, used to be the nucleus of the bustling life of this pioneer community. To-day the business centre of the town has shifted, and the Plaza is now the focus of the foreign and Chinese quarter. Stevenson, when living here, occupied a house within a stone's throw of the Plaza, and was never tired of studying the strange foreign life which ebbs and flows by night and by day through the streets of this Bohemian quarter. The fountain, as will be seen from our illustration, is of plain but tasteful design. The main granite shaft is thirteen feet high, and on top, executed in bronze, is a sixteenth-century ship under full sail, emblematical of the wandering and romantic tastes of the dead writer. The inscription, incised in plain lettering on the granite beneath Stevenson's name, consists of a passage from the author's Christmas Sermon, as follows—

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself: here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: VILLAGE OF BILOT, MOHMAND VALLEY, OCCUPIED BY GENERAL JEFFREYS AFTER THE FIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 16.

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR C. H. POWELL, MOHMAND FIELD FORCE.

Here General Jeffreys bivouacked on the night of Sept. 16-17 with four guns and a small force. The enemy had possession of the village, and a galling fire was kept up by them on the guns, which were placed outside. Gallant attempts were made by Lieutenants Watson, R.E., and Wynter, R.A., with a handful of men, to clear the village of the enemy, and both were severely wounded. The losses in men and battery mules were very large. About midnight General Jeffreys was reinforced by four companies of Infantry, when the village was cleared of the enemy.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Mr. C. S. Barwell, a Member of One of the first Expeditions to reach Dawson City this Year.

1. The White Horse Rapids, Lewis River, Yukon District.

2. Miles Canyon, Lewis River: the Head, looking down Stream.

3. Mr. Clement Lewis and two Miners shooting Miles Canyon, White Horse Rapids, June 1897.

4. Site of Mr. Secretan's Camp near Dawson City, looking down the Yukon, June 1897.

5. Mr. Secretan, C. E., with Sledge and Canoe, on Lake Lindeman, June 1, 1897.

6. Another View of Miles Canyon.



DARBY AND JOAN.
Drawn by Fannie Moody.



CHILDREN'S PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE LADY MAYORESS RECEIVING PURSES SUBSCRIBED FOR THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.



① Tommy and I were awfully keen to go hunting so we formed a deputation and tackled the Pater on the subject of buying us ponies. But he only chaffed us and said we were not old enough.



② Disgusted with this treatment we hatched a plot to borrow the Pater's colt "Jack" as hounds were to meet at Cookern Common next day.



③ We managed it when the groom had gone to his breakfast.



④ And got away all right. But we found the saddle rather uncomfortable and "Jack" frightfully lazy.



⑤ But we arrived at the meet in good time and made lots of nice friends.



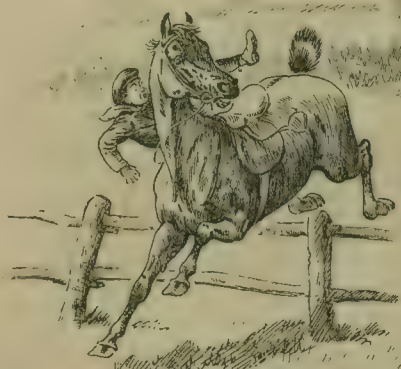
⑥ When they found a fox "Jack" became dreadfully mettlesome.



⑦ And the next thing we knew he had hooked it with us.



⑧ The first fence did for me.



⑨ And the next for Tommy.



⑩ It took us nearly three hours to catch "Jack."



⑪ So I was rather late when we arrived home. The Pater met us with a cane.



⑫ We are not quite so keen about hunting now and it hurts to sit down.



AN ARAB STORY-TELLER.

DRAWN BY WARWICK GORLE.

Story-telling in some form or other appeals to what seems to be a universal instinct. The approach of Christmas-tide, with its promise of fireside literature, reminds us of the form in which it is most familiar to ourselves. Our Illustration presents it in another and more ancient fashion. In the Soko at Tangier the Arab story-teller may be seen any evening holding his audience in rapt attention, while he relates to them with thrilling voice and dramatic gesture a selection from the "Thousand and One Nights," or reviews by some stirring incident the faded glories of the Moors in Spain. The effect of his eloquence is heightened by strumming on a two-stringed instrument to mark the pauses in the narrative. Looking round at the sea of faces sheltered from the sun by the hooded jellabiyah, one sees little or nothing to connect the scene with the nineteenth century.

PORTIAS OF TO-DAY.

All Paris, nay, all France, is discussing the interesting case of *Mdlle. Jeanne Chauvin*, the learned young lady who claims her right to practise at the French Bar. Not only has she passed all the usual examinations which turn the ordinary French lad into a barrister, but she has also obtained the far higher degree of *Docteur en droit*. But here again the would-be *Portia* is by no means alone, for a considerable number of French girls compete successfully with their brothers in the law schools. *Mdlle. Chauvin*,

at the probable influence exercised by the *Chauvin Portias* of the future not only on juries but also on judges.

Although France and the United States between them provide most of the lady lawyers of the present day, there is scarce a country but can bring forward at least one lady barrister.

In 1881 *Lydia Post* passed the highest law degree conferred at the *Turin University*. Twelve years later she was, for a short time, actually allowed to practise. Her right to do so was then taken away; but, nothing daunted, she has now joined her brother, a well-known Italian

prevent her making in time a brilliant career at the Indian Bar.

Another lady whose name is widely known for her legal attainments is the Roumanian *Sarmisa Bilescu*. She passed very brilliantly all the Paris Law Faculty examinations, and then returned to Bucharest, where, as a matter of principle and in order to prove her point, she obtained the right to practise, without, however, caring to avail herself of the privilege.

Madame Kempin-Spyri is the daughter of a Swiss clergyman. She passed her Bar examinations some twelve



MDLLE. MARIE POPELIN,
Belgium.



MADAME SIGNÉ SILEN,
Finland.



MISS CLARA BRETT MARTIN,
Canada.



MISS LETITIA WALKINGTON,
Ireland.

however, is the first who has seriously claimed the right of actually practising in the Paris Law Courts.

No section of French professional life is more jealously guarded than is the *Barreau*, the members of which, it will be remembered, claim the proud title from time immemorial of *noblesse de la robe*. Accordingly the young lady's calm assumption that she has a right to enter in an active sense within the charmed circle has thrown every individual connected with the Paris Palace of Justice, from the Judges to

barrister, and though she does not appear in court, she is known to be one of the great authorities on penal law in her adopted country, for the *Portis*, as the name implies, are of French extraction.

Finland is represented by *Mrs. Anna Akesson*, who is still on the right side of five-and-thirty, and who has made a very great reputation as a speaker in the Finnish Law Courts. Finland is evidently the happy hunting-ground of the lady barrister, for *Signé Silen*, although she has

years ago at Zurich, and made a gallant attempt to obtain an authorisation to practise. This, however, was refused her, and some three years ago she settled in Berlin. She transacts a great deal of legal business for the Anglo-American colony. So far, Germany has but one lady barrister, *Fraulein Anita Augspurg*, of Hanover. She belongs to a well-known family of Hanoverian law-givers. She studied at Zurich, and is about to try and persuade the Munich Bar to admit her as a working barrister.



MRS. L.-J. ROBINSON-SAWTELL,
U.S.A.



MDLLE. JEANNE CHAUVIN,
France.



MRS. MYRA BRADWELL,
U.S.A.



MDLLE. KATRINE DAHL,
Norway.

the *Ushers*, into a state of great emotion, the more so that there seems absolutely no legal impediment to her carrying out her design. *Mdlle. Chauvin* has found a considerable number of gallant advocates quite willing to espouse her cause, notably a distinguished Belgian barrister, *Maitre Louis Frank*, who has written a learned treatise proving her absolute right to practise. He points out that she appears before those who are to decide her fate with many more real claims to consideration than do most of her male

not actually passed all the law examinations, is in active work, and has even pleaded before the Senate of her country.

Nanna Berg, *Elsa Eschelsson*, and *Katrine Dahl* uphold the claims of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The first of these ladies married and retired from practice some time ago; *Fraulein Eschelsson* is famed for her legal knowledge, but does not seem to practise. *Katrine Dahl* became a Doctor in Civil Law seven years ago, and she

Mdlle. Marie Popelin is well known in Belgium, where her efforts to conquer the prejudices of the Brussels Bar created a great deal of interest some time ago. She is now one of the heads of the Belgian Women's Rights Party; and as she has not been allowed to pursue her profession, she devotes her remarkable elocutionary gifts to the Cause.

Canada can now boast of a very successful lady barrister. *Miss Clara Brett Martin* won over the Ontario



MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD,
U.S.A.



MDLLE. ELSA ESCHELSSON,
Sweden.



MDLLE. NANNA BERG,
Denmark.



MDLLE. SARMISA BILCESCU,
Roumania.

confères; for not only has she obtained all the necessary diplomas, but during the last few years she has conducted with the greatest success an elementary law class in several of the foremost feminine *lycées* of Paris; and she has also written for a considerable number of law reviews and papers; while she claims to be an authority on all the French laws affecting women's life and work.

The Anti-Chauvinists, however, declare that if she is admitted to practise, every intelligent French girl who has a liking for law, and whose parents can dispose of a small capital in her favour, will be able to assume in time the judicial robes. They also assert, probably with truth, that a great many people will prefer to place their legal affairs in the hands of a woman who has proved herself to be competent than in those of a man; and they hint darkly

is making active efforts to obtain leave to exercise her profession.

To *Miss Letitia Alice Walkington* belongs the credit of having first studied law at a British University. She is a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; but she does not seem, however, to have wished to practise at the Irish Bar.

Most of those interested in the higher education of women know something of the curious and instructive career of *Cornelia Sorabji*, the young Indian lady who, after completing her studies with great success at Oxford, spent some time in a London solicitor's office in order to make herself acquainted with the more practical side of law. Since her return to India she has ably presided over a native women's college, but there is, apparently, nothing to

Parliament to her side, and a special law was passed in her favour authorising the Canadian Bar to admit women to all its privileges. So far, this young lady seems to be alone in the exercise of her profession, but the moment we pass over into the United States, the lady lawyer meets us here, there, and everywhere. There is a flourishing league, the National League of American Women Barristers, of which the president, *Miss Florence Cronise*, of Ohio, has had a fine practice during the last twenty-three years; while her sister, *Mrs. Lutes*, in partnership with her husband, a distinguished American barrister, is also well known in legal circles.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, was actually the first woman admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States. She is well known as an advocate of

Woman's Rights, and in 1884 became, it will be remembered, a candidate for the Presidency.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, another pillar of the Woman's Rights movement, became a member of the Californian Bar just twenty years ago. She has started practising in New York during the last two years, and seems to be very successful.

The late Mrs. Robinson-Sawtell was for many years a successful lady lawyer in Boston, and as a writer on American law she has left some very valuable textbooks.

Another woman writer on legal questions, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, brought about some very important legislative reforms; and Miss Mary Greene, although she does not seem to actually practise, is regarded in legal circles as a very remarkable law teacher.

Mrs. Waugh MacCulloch, the treasurer of the League of Women Barristers, holds, in conjunction with her husband, a very important legal office in Chicago. She was for some years the youngest woman lawyer in the States.

ART NOTES.

The latest comers among the purveyors of picture exhibitions are Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. (Pall Mall), whose fame as print-sellers dates back to the days of Alderman Boydell. The water-colour drawings brought together for their first exhibition show that Messrs. Graves know well where to apply for good work, and the goodwill shown by artists in responding to the invitation suggests that the new venture is likely to be successful. Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Philip Norman, Mr. Albert Goodwin, and Mr. John Muirhead are names sufficiently well known to all lovers of water-colour painting. Mr. W. Lee Hankey, Mr. A. B. Donaldson, and Mr. James R. Laing are probably appreciated by a more limited circle; but their respective works here will ensure them a wider popularity. Among the younger men whom Messrs. Graves have invited to join on this occasion, Mr. Samuel Reid stands out in greatest prominence with his two Scotch views of Stirling from Abbey Craig, and

English artists are losing ground with picture-buyers. Messrs. Tooth and Mr. McLean are eminent dealers, and, presumably, know the taste of their customers, who, although resident in this country, may belong to Germany, France, Belgium, etc., and would, therefore, be displaying true patriotism in fostering foreign art. Be that as it may, it is not satisfactory to find four-fifths of the pictures in two London exhibitions "manufactured abroad," while we know that our own artists, even the capable men, have difficulty in finding patrons. Miss Elizabeth Gardner, who has at least an English name, paints very much in the style of M. Bouguereau; and if her picture, "A Travers le Ruisseau," suggests too distinctly imitation, it bears also the mark of careful brushwork. Mr. Henry Wood contributes some Swiss and Venetian sketches which are less strong in colour than is often the fault of his work; and Mr. W. Logsdail, who has also returned to Venice for inspiration, sends several carefully composed and soberly coloured works, but is to be seen at his best in the "Entrance to a Mosque." The chief place in the Gallery



MISS FLORENCE CRONISE,
U.S.A.



MADAME E. KEMPIN-SPYRI,
Switzerland.



MRS. ELLENA KNOWLESS HASKELL,
U.S.A.



FRÄULEIN ANITA AUGSPURG,
Germany.

Mrs. Knowless Haskell has had quite a romantic career. She began life as a "school marm," but she was always determined that she would become in time a lady lawyer. In the intervals of teaching the young American idea how to shoot she studied late and early, and in time became a very successful woman advocate in Montana. In 1893 she was a candidate for the post of Attorney-General, but was beaten by



MRS. SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ,
U.S.A.



MISS CORNELIA SORABJI,
India.



MISS MARY GREENE,
U.S.A.

is occupied by a very artificial bit of sentiment, "My Old Mother's Song," in which the painter has provided himself with very stock models for the singing damsel and the drowsy dame. It is cleverly painted enough, but it is terribly vulgar. Madame Diéterle follows very closely in her father, van Marcke's footsteps as a painter of Flemish cattle and Flemish pastures. There is no question of her ability as a colourist or as a



MDLE. LYDIA POËT,
Italy.



MRS. C. WAUGH MAC-CULLOCH,
U.S.A.



MADAME ANNA AKESON,
Finland.



MRS. LUTES,
U.S.A.

Mr. H. J. Haskell, who, after some time, became her husband—an episode which recalls curiously the career of a distinguished British lady doctor, now married to the very man who had most opposed her election on the medical Board of one of the great London hospitals.

The Lord Chief Justice, after his rather long indisposition, has a full programme of engagements for the coming week. Lord Russell is a constant taker of horse-exercise, to which he attributes his general good health, though it was a jar against a gate he got while riding near Tadworth that put him, a month ago, on the sick-list. In one at least of the new Judges Lord Russell of Killowen will have a rival in constancy to horse-exercise, for Mr. Justice Darling is among the most devoted members of "the Liver Brigade."

Some of the London vestries have been considering the propriety of a national purchase of the Crystal Palace. They think this might be done with Imperial funds. Camberwell is not at present favourable to a local rate for the purpose, though it is calculated that only an eighth of a penny in the pound in all London would produce the necessary sum. The Palace can be had for a paltry half million, and yet the nation hesitates.

Eze, a fine though somewhat fanciful landscape, in which the treatment of the clouds is particularly good.

The exhibition also contains a three-quarter-length portrait of a certain highly advertised authoress, of whose face and figure another version is to be found at the Grafton Galleries. The public is, however, not informed as to which is the "authorised edition," a matter, however, of no importance except to the sitter, who may have found some difficulty in awarding to Miss Donald Smith or to Mr. Tristram Ellis the first prize for idealisation.

Mr. McLean's winter exhibition (Haymarket) depends for distinction chiefly upon Rosa Bonheur's "Compagnie des Sangliers," painted at least one-and-twenty years ago, and, as some would say, at the very zenith of her powers. The two wild boars trotting on in front of their fellows down the forest glade are painted with wonderful vigour and with a robustness of touch of which this lady painter has long held a monopoly. It is curious to remark that with all her keenness of perception and realism in the treatment of animal life, when dealing with foliage she is careless of both form and colour. There is also a clever picture, Gérôme's "Retiarius," representing a scene in a Roman amphitheatre, painted with skilful attention to historic details; but the other works, for the most part by foreign artists, call for no special remark.

At Messrs. Tooth's, next door, foreign art is also emphasised to such a degree that one wonders whether

draughtswoman, but we cannot help thinking that we have on this side of the Channel many able cattle-painters. M. Ter Meulen's "Evening" is a more poetic treatment of farm life—the sheep returning to their fold by a road through the twilight wood—a very different sort of tribute to Nature from that paid by Mr. H. W. B. Davis to the plains of Picardy on a cold spring morning. Deutsch, Madrayo, and their followers north and south of the Alps occupy a good deal of the remaining space.

"Kodak is king," and Messrs. Eastman have fully earned the right to be regarded as his ministers. At any rate, they have nobly prepared and adorned the New Gallery (Regent Street) for the display of their master's achievements. Until this interesting exhibition was held, very few, even among amateur photographers, were probably aware of the apparently unlimited resources of their art, and of the infinite variety of results which are to be obtained from modification of the films or papers employed, of the tonings and processes available, or of the numerous fabrics which have been sensitised. It is evident from these exhibits that a high artistic result can be obtained with the smallest instrument, and subsequently enlarged to any size without loss of clearness or delicacy. It will interest many to see how popular the Kodak is among the members of the royal family, and the results of their experiments upon one another—which have been lent for this exhibition—are by no means its least attractive feature.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"What do you think will happen now?" asked Ludovic Halévy of Jacques Offenbach in February 1871, when peace had been proclaimed between Germany and France, and while the composer and librettist were still at Bordeaux. "What do I think will happen?" was the answer. "This is what will happen: people will go on producing pieces by Offenbach; people will continue to sing the songs of Offenbach, and go on dancing to the music of Offenbach." The words were not spoken at random; it is very doubtful if Offenbach ever said anything at random. They were practically an indirect protest against the utterly illogical contentions of the suddenly would-be moral that "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Périochole," and the rest of Offenbach's works had largely contributed to the fall of the Second Empire; contentions which found a strong echo among the faddists of England. Offenbach's works were at the same time a direct challenge to all those croakers to make good their already proffered threats to banish his works from the stage, to ostracise his inspiring music from the ball-room.

For five or six years after the war it looked as if France was going to carry out the threat, although during that same period Londoners were flocking to the Philharmonic at Islington (now the Grand Theatre) to hear Soldene and Dolaro in "Geneviève de Brabant," produced by the then middle-aged but still evergreen manager Morton; and to the Royalty to hear the same Solina Dolaro in "La Périochole," produced by Messrs. D'Oyly Carte and George Dolby. Truly, Offenbach did not entirely vanish from the bills across the Channel, but the fervour of his admirers seemed to have abated. "Madame l'Archiduc" met with a certain success, but the rest of his new productions fell comparatively flat, and the old ones were not revived. The skittish daughter of Madame Angot ousted the much more skittish wife of Menelaus; the Spanish twin-girls (Giroflé-Girofla) displaced her Serene Highness of Gérolstein.

Offenbach bore up bravely; he went on producing, but the excitement of fast-following *premières* being denied to him, he sought a substitute for these emotions at the gaming-table, with dire results, not only as regarded his exchequer, but as regarded his moral and mental condition. For Maître Jacques was a desperate gambler, and like all desperate gamblers, was exceedingly superstitious. He believed in omens and tokens. Being at Ems in 1863 to superintend the rehearsals of "Lischen and Fritschen," he was seized with a desperate gambling fit a few hours before the performance, and he flung a handful of gold on the green cloth. In another moment it was swept up, but the croupier, in so doing, broke his rake. Nothing would satisfy Offenbach but part of the snapped handle as a bâton for Lindheim to conduct with. "He shall use it to-night," said the composer, "and if Lischen and Fritschen" is a success, I'll take both it and Lindheim to Paris to conduct "La Belle Hélène." François Blanc made him a present of the handle, the opera was a success, he took Lindheim to Paris, but after the first night of "La Belle Hélène," Offenbach claimed the bâton as a talisman to be used on further occasions.

About 1873 it appeared to have lost its charm, or, to speak by the card, there was no opportunity of using it. A considerable portion of Offenbach's fortune was gone, after which he bethought himself of taking a theatre of his own as he had done at the beginning of his career. In less than two years the venture swallowed the remainder of his possessions, and then he went for a tour through America, whence he brought back three or four hundred thousand francs and the material for a very indifferent book. For, odd to relate, this very clever—nay, matchless, musical satirist and brilliant conversationalist, found all his wit and humour evaporating when he attempted to convey it by means of the ordinary alphabet.

Nevertheless, there was a rift in the clouds. Either during the latter part of his absence in America or immediately after his return, there was a revival of "La Belle Hélène," which was followed shortly by *reprises* of "Orphée" and the "Grande Duchesse," and then came "the beginning of the end," as Talleyrand had it. In December 1879, the "Daughter of the Drum-Major" Monthabor of the armies of the Consulate proved her equality to the "Daughter of Madame Angot," and, as Offenbach somewhat unjustly said, "Music, real music, was heard once more on the Paris stage." For this son of the Cologne Jewish cantor could be as cruelly unjust to his rivals as that Dusseldorf countryman and co-religionist of his whom the world knows as Henri Heine. Offenbach's delight was intense, probably too intense for his already failing health, especially when it began to rain commissions, necessitating hard and assiduous work, to which he was no longer equal, inasmuch as returning prosperity made him apply the severe canons of criticism he had lately applied to others with tenfold severity to himself. But I am glad he died in the flush of his returned success. I am glad that the critics' predictions, and especially those of the faddists, have remained unfulfilled. I am glad that the success of "La Périochole," at the Garrick, has led to the promised revival of "La Grande Duchesse," at the Savoy. In England we go to hear Offenbach for his music, which is very welcome indeed after our recent productions of this and that "Girl." It will, perhaps, set old feet tripping again. Some have lost the habit since—we'll not mention dates.

At the recent International Exhibition at Brussels, no less than five typewriters received gold medals, while the Remington received the additional distinction of the Diploma of Honour.

Mr. Gladstone's activities with the pen have been somewhat lessened of late; although his recent correspondents must have noted that his handwriting has become firmer, and not shakier, during the last two years. As a traveller he has all his old tolerance for long trips, which most other men of his age find fatiguing; and he is looking forward, in the best of spirits, to quitting England for the winter.

Ready Nov. 22.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is generally known that one of the results of intemperance is an affection of the liver, which has received the technical name of "cirrhosis." This ailment has been more familiarly designated as "drunkard's liver," and as "nutmeg liver"; while "hobnail liver" is yet another term which has been applied to indicate this scourge of the alcoholic subject. Its nature essentially consists of a wasting away of the delicate tissue connecting the little divisions or lobules whereof the liver is composed, with the result that the lobules appear raised and irregular, giving to the liver a hobnailed aspect. Cirrhosis may, of course, be due to other causes than alcoholic excess, and it would be erroneous to speak of the ailment as due solely to the abuse of intoxicants; but the fact that even in medical circles it is often spoken of as "gin-drinker's liver," serves to indicate clearly enough the most common cause of the malady. The consumer of ardent spirits has been hitherto credited with being the victim of cirrhosis, but if the opinions of a French savant, Professor Lancereaux, are to be believed, we shall have to include other conditions than excess of ardent spirits, and other persons than the gin-drinkers in the list respectively of causes and victims.

The Professor has been making a series of observations on the prevalence of this liver trouble among the poor of Paris. He finds that it is a common ailment in the lower orders of the French metropolis, and as those persons can hardly be presumed to consume ardent spirits *à la mode Anglaise*, Dr. Lancereaux comes to the conclusion that the cheap wine of the French is the cause of the ailment. Now this wine has a limited alcoholic strength. I suppose that if we credit whisky and gin with presenting us with 50 per cent. of alcohol, light wine may be regarded as containing only 5 per cent. or so of spirit. Assuming that there is no addition of spirit to the *vin ordinaire*, it is hardly conceivable that cirrhosis should follow its use to the extent evident in Paris; therefore Dr. Lancereaux falls back on a new and somewhat startling source of the ailment. He holds that the "plastering" of the wine is the real cause of the disease. By this plastering, is implied the addition of plaster of Paris to wine to impart a dry flavour to it. It is a practice well known in the wine trade, and according to Dr. Lancereaux, the effects of this consumption of lime is to bring about those changes in the liver hitherto regarded as due to excess of alcohol alone.

If this theory be found to be correct and supported by facts, it opens up a new view of wine and its effects, which should place the public on their guard against wine-adulteration, and should open the eyes of honest wine-merchants to a serious allegation against the products in which they deal. I believe cheap wines abroad are freely plastered, and if Dr. Lancereaux is right, it is the sulphate of potash which is mixed with the lime that works out the liver mischief. Experimental evidence is not wanting to show that if this compound of potash be administered freely, it brings about changes in the liver allied to those which characterise cirrhosis itself. Even beers are said to contain potash in quantities which may render them obnoxious in this special sense if taken in excess. The way out of the difficulty of accounting for cirrhosis at home in the gin-drinker, who, it is presumed, is not loaded with excess of potash, and in the Parisian workman, who is so afflicted, is clear. Cirrhosis may be an ailment produced by more than one cause. It is like goitre in this respect. Most people believe that goitre is caused by drinking very hard water, containing an excess of lime salts; but there is evidence to show that the disease—a swelling of the thyroid gland in the throat—may appear in districts where the water is not over hard, and where iron and magnesium salts abound. Like results may follow from different and varied causes; and so, perhaps, alcohol in excess in England, and plaster of Paris in France, may be regarded as inducing similar changes in the victims of alcoholic excess.

One of the most interesting problems with which the naturalist has to deal is the accounting for the distribution of animals and plants in regions foreign to their species by means which may be described as of accidental character. It is curious to note how much life owes, in the matter of its spread, to such agencies as wind, water, and man's conveyance. Dr. L. O. Howard has lately been summing up the agencies concerned in this distribution of species, and some of his facts are singularly interesting. He tells us that occasionally animals and plants introduced by man into a strange country, for some purpose or other, have utterly outgrown all his powers of limiting their spread. The English sparrow was introduced into the N.E. States of America to destroy canker worms. It has now become a thorough pest, and, worse than all, the insect it was intended to and did destroy, has been replaced by another species which the sparrow declines to eat. The Indian mongoose was introduced into Jamaica in 1872 to destroy the cane-piece rat. The little animal saved the colony £100,000 annually by its destruction of the rats. But later on, when the mongoose bred, it began to eat up ground-living birds and to devour poultry and reptiles which fed on insects. Hence the insect pests increased, and the mongoose in turn became a trial and a pestilence. Ticks, however, appearing on the scene, are killing the mongoose, and so the disturbed balance of nature is being restored.

The case of the Gypsy moth, whose eggs were introduced into Massachusetts in 1863 or 1869, is also notable. The insects escaped from confinement, and now enormous sums of money are spent in their repression. Dr. Howard remarks on the distribution of seeds which takes place through the ballast of ships being spread out in a strange country, and shows that even the hay and straw used in packing the merchandise of a strange country may convey seeds to new lands. Birds carry seeds in the earth adhering to their legs. Darwin's case of a clod of earth adhering to the leg of a partridge and containing seeds of five species of plants (numbering thirty-two individual plants) is an instance in point.

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THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY: LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1837.

While the civic pageantry of Lord Mayor's Day is fresh in the mind's eye, it is interesting, in this year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, to remember that her Majesty's first considerable State pageant was her visit to the City on Nov. 9, 1837. The occasion was one of great enthusiasm; curiosity regarding the young Sovereign was on tip-toe:

her Majesty's Judges and the carriage of the Duke of Wellington, who, next to the Queen, received the loudest, almost the only other plaudits from the populace.

From a State procession one does not expect humour. That was supplied, however, by the civic reception at Temple Bar, where the Fathers of the City afforded sport to the irreverent by appearing for the nonce as cavaliers. Before the arrival of the procession,



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CONTRASTED VESSELS OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN, REPRESENTED IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

the Queen was, as it were, on trial, and her people received her with acclamation. At two o'clock the procession, which took fifteen minutes to pass any given point, left "the new Palace in Pimlico," as it was then popularly named, and proceeded by Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside to the Guildhall. Her Majesty rode in that ancient State coach, painted by Cipriani, which is still the greatest curiosity at the Royal Mews. With the Queen, as on all State occasions, rode the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Master of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle. The Queen, our lady readers will be interested to note, wore a dress of pink silk shot with silver; the Duchess was in silver and blue. In Pall Mall the State carriages were joined by the procession of

the Mayor and Aldermen assembled in Childs' Banking House, and then proceeded to the Middle Temple, where steeds were in waiting. Having mounted, the civic dignitaries rode forth to take post on the City side of the Bar.

When the royal procession arrived at the closed barrier, her Majesty, following the ancient usage, had to sue for admission. This was granted by the Lord Mayor, the Hon. John Cowan, who, having dismounted, presented the sword of civic state. This, however, her Majesty was pleased not to accept, declaring it to be in loyal and trusty hands. Thereupon the Lord Mayor again sought saddle-tree, and, bearing the sword aloft, fell in immediately in front of the royal coach and marshalled his Sovereign the rest of the way. At the Guildhall the reception was outdone by the banquet and concert which followed.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY, LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1837: THE PROCESSION VIEWED FROM THE CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE.

From an Old Print.

THE ENGLISH SEWING COTTON COMPANY.

As '96 was the period of cycle finance, so will '97 go down in the records of our commercial history as the cotton-thread year. For many months we have heard much talk concerning combinations in the sewing cotton trade. There was, first of all, what is known as the Coats combine; and now we have to herald the formation of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, comprising the whole of the leading English thread-makers who have not thrown in their lot with the Coats amalgamation.

The firms included in the new company are Messrs. John Dewhurst and Sons, Limited, Belle Vue Mills, Skipton;



MR. GEORGE WIGLEY.

Messrs. Ermen and Roby, Limited, Pendlebury (Bridgewater Mills), and Nassau Mills, Patricroft; Messrs. S. Manlove and Sons, Holy Moor Mills, near Chesterfield; Messrs. W. G. and J. Strutt, Belper; Messrs. Sir Richard Arkwright and Co., Matlock Bath; Mr. C. A. Rickards, Bell Busk Mills, near Leeds; Messrs. Bagley and Wright, Belgrave Mills, Oldham; Messrs. Edmund Ashworth and Sons, Limited, Egerton Mills, Bolton; Messrs. Crawford Brothers, Barr Mill, Beith, near Glasgow; Messrs. J. and E. Waters and Co.,

Hulme, Manchester, and Longtown, near Carlisle; Messrs. William Waller and Co., Britannia Mills, Manchester; Messrs. Marsland, Ton, and Co., Albert Mills, Manchester; Mr. John Thomas Raworth, Crown Cotton Mills, Leicester; Messrs. George Wigley and Co., Derby.

A brief appreciation of these great manufacturing firms cannot fail to be of interest on the eve of the presentation to the public of the details of this notable scheme of amalgamation; and as the chairman of the new undertaking is Mr. Algernon Dewhurst, it will be fitting to glance first at the history of his firm.

The ancestors of Messrs. John Dewhurst and Sons, Limited, practised cotton-spinning in the last century. More than a hundred years ago Mr. Thomas Dewhurst had a mill for cotton-spinning by water-power at Elslack, near

lineal descendants of the original founder, Mr. Thomas Dewhurst.

Messrs. Ermen and Roby, Pendlebury, not only have warehouses at Manchester, Birmingham, and in London,

MR. ALGERNON DEWHURST,
Chairman of the English Sewing Cotton Company.

Bernard Ermen, now manage the establishment, which of late has been fitted with the most improved machinery. The yarns made at Pendlebury are sent to the Nassau Mills at Patricroft, which, built rather more than a quarter of a century ago, have been greatly extended. These works have the advantage of being close both to the Bridgewater and to the Manchester Ship Canals.

There are several partners, amongst them being Mr. H. J. Roby, formerly M.P., Mr. Henry E. Ermen; Mr. Francis Ermen, Mr. Frank Roby, Mr. Bernard Ermen, and Mr. Peter Ermen, each of whom supervises his own portion of the works, the latter gentleman having charge of the French mills. It may be noted that Mr. Godfrey Ermen,

but agents all over Europe, as well as in the United States, Asia, and Africa. This enterprise dates from 1860, when the works at Pendlebury, known as the Bridgewater Mills, were founded by Mr. Godfrey Ermen, mainly for spinning and doubling sewing cottons of the first class. Mr. Henry E. Ermen and his son, Mr.

and J. Strutt, of Belper, has attained great distinction in the manufacture of yarns and sewing cottons. It was in the Georgian era that the foundations of this great business were laid by the South Norwanton farmer, Jedediah Strutt. The history of this celebrated firm is particularly interesting, for in the year 1771 the aforesaid Jedediah Strutt associated himself with that undoubted genius, Richard Arkwright (afterwards Sir Richard), the inventor of the spinning frame. There were three partners, Messrs. Strutt, Need, and Arkwright. It was at Nottingham that they began the cotton-making. Then they started at Cromford, and later at Belper and Milford, where they erected enormous mills.



MR. G. HERBERT STRUTT.

Upon the dissolution of the partnership, Jedediah became sole proprietor of the mills at Belper, Milford, and Derby, and from that day to this, this great manufactory has been carried on by his descendants. In 1797 Jedediah Strutt died, and then the firm became W., G., and J. Strutt: the three partners were sons of the founder of the firm. Mr. William Strutt, who was the elder of the three, died in 1830, and the nobleman whom we recollect as Lord Belper, who died some sixteen years ago, was William Strutt's son, who, after a very successful Parliamentary career, during which he held office, was raised to the Upper House in 1856. Coming down to our own day, it may be mentioned that the acting principals are now Mr. George Herbert Strutt, J.P., and Mr. John Hunter, A.M.I.C.E. Most charmingly situated are the mills, consisting of two huge groups of buildings, one at Belper and the other at Milford. The factories have been erected on the beautiful banks of the Derwent, which supplies them with motive power. All the newest and best modern machinery may be seen at Messrs. Strutt's. In 1832 the Queen paid a visit to Messrs. Strutt's mills.

Brief reference has been made to the fact that the great Arkwright, who shines in our industrial annals as the inventor of the spinning frame, was once a partner of Jedediah Strutt at Belper. More than one hundred and twenty-five years ago Richard Arkwright established the Cromford Mills, Derbyshire, the property of the firm of Messrs. Sir Richard Arkwright and Co., at the head of which are Mr. F. C. Arkwright, J.P., D.L., of Willersley Castle, and Mr. J. E. Lawton, J.P., the last-named being the managing partner and one of the small handful of gentlemen who have been mainly instrumental in the formation of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited. The Masson Mills at Matlock Bath, first erected in 1775, when they consisted of a block six storeys in height, have frequently been enlarged, and are now among the most considerable manufactories in Derbyshire. Like the mills of Messrs. Strutt, the Arkwright Mills are a picturesque feature, standing, as they do, on the banks of the Derwent, which supplies the motive power. The machinery throughout this great establishment is absolutely as perfect as modern ingenuity and device can make it, while the firm has a wide reputation as being managed in the most practical manner. There are produced in the Arkwright Mills crochet and sewing cottons of all kinds, gassed yarns in all numbers, qualities, and twists for the markets of this country, France, Germany, Italy, and United States of America, supplemented by skeined sewings for Egypt, Bulgaria, and the Danubian Principalities. "Arkwright's six cords" have long been household words throughout the world, and naturally so, for they are unequalled in respect of quality, evenness of make, and perfect finish for hand or machine-work. Much more that is interesting might be said of this popular firm, but space fails us on this occasion.

On the banks of the river Aire stand the rather oddly named Bell Busk Mills of Mr. C. A. Rickards, founded upwards of thirty years ago by Mr. Rickards. The specialties of this firm are silk thread for hand and machine-sewing, button-hole twists, netting embroidery, and weaving silks. Mr. Rickards is credited with the distinction of being the first of our manufacturers to produce silk twist on reels of twelve yards each, bearing the "Tree and Bell" label, and retailed at one penny each. At Skipton there is another mill equal in size to the Bell Busk.

The Belgrave Mills, Oldham, are the property of Messrs. Bagley and Wright, whose firm dates from the year 1867.



BELLE VUE MILLS, SKIPTON.

Skipton. At the beginning of 1790 the mill was in full work, as the records of the period show. Some twenty years later,

two cotton-spinning mills were in work at Milholme, also near Skipton. Very shortly afterwards Messrs. John Dewhurst and Brothers bought the lease of Scalegill Mill, near Malham, and very soon afterwards John and Isaac Dewhurst acquired the Old Soke Mill at Airton, which had been previously worked as a cotton-mill. The original Belle Vue Mill at Skipton dates from 1820, and has been considerably enlarged. The present handsome building, which stands between the Broughton Road and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, is five storeys high, 225 ft. long, and, like the adjoining mills, constructed of Yorkshire stone.

Messrs. John Dewhurst and Sons were until 1869 principally engaged in spinning cotton yarns of superior quality for Bradford, and manufacturing cotton and mixed goods. At that date they added the manufacture of sewing cotton to their business, and are justly renowned for placing productions of the highest quality upon the market. Especially valued for sewing-machine use are their threads, which possess the essential qualities of strength, smoothness, and elasticity. Since they began this branch of business they have exhibited sewing cottons at every important exhibition, and it goes without saying that they have been uniformly successful in gaining high awards. Their sewing cotton is known as the "Three Shells" brand.



MR. JOHN E. LAWTON.

In the centre of their establishment are a fire-proof mill and offices, lighted by electricity. Something like one thousand employes are engaged in this great establishment, which has an area of flooring of about 24,000 square yards. Some ten years ago the business was converted into a private limited liability company, having for directors Messrs. John Henry Dewhurst, Thomas Henry Dewhurst, Algernon Dewhurst, Lionel Dewhurst, and Arthur Dewhurst. It is an interesting fact that for more than a century the management has been in the hands of

about eighty-seven, has the reputation of being the "Grand Old Man" of the sewing cotton trade, and justly so, for he still takes an active interest in the progress of the firm. The history of the firm is very interesting, but space prevents our further dwelling upon it.

Messrs. Manlove and Sons' business was founded in 1829 at Holy Moor Mills, near Chesterfield, by the late Mr. Simeon Manlove, J.P., members of whose family have since carried it on. In consequence of the rapid progress of the trade the firm opened a branch factory at Unity Mills, Belper, and the Cathole Dye Works were built. What are known as "extra quality" cottons form the specialty of this firm, these productions being particularly adapted for the high-speed sewing-machines worked in manufactories and driven by power. Messrs. S. Manlove

and Sons have the credit of introducing the 1000-yard reel, and subsequently the 5000-yard and 10,000-yard reels, which they invented and adapted for use in special trades. Needless to say that the productions of this firm command very high prices in the trade. They are represented in London, Manchester, and other parts of the United Kingdom, while in France and other countries they have special agents; and warehouses in London, Manchester, Luton, and Lyons. Mr. J. Ernest Manlove, and Mr. W. M. Manlove, J.P., C.C., are the present partners in this popular and enterprising firm.

The famous firm of Messrs. W. G.



MASSON MILLS, MATLOCK BATH.



INVENTED 1767

This house has gained an enviable reputation for fishing-net twines, as makers of which they command an enormous trade. They are noted also for specialties in yarns. They began making sewing cottons nearly twenty years ago, and, to meet the requirements of their customers, erected the Belgrave Mills for the manufacture of sewing cottons and fishing-net twines. Their sewing-cotton business has greatly increased year by year.

The justly celebrated mills of Messrs Thomas Ashworth and Sons, Limited, are situated at Egerton, near Bolton, and are specially noted as containing the most perfect machinery for twisting, spooling, etc. This firm is renowned for its sewing and crochet cottons, and it has gained a large number of medals and diplomas at the great international exhibitions. Mr. Thomas Ashworth, J.P., of Egerton Hall, near Bolton, though still a director, has practically retired from the business, the extension of which is to a large extent due to Mr. F. B. Ross, the chairman, and Mr. Daniels, the general manager and managing director of the company.

The extensive business of Messrs. Crawford Brothers dates from more than a century. It is one of the oldest linen thread manufacturing houses in the United Kingdom. The works are situated at Beith, N.B. Hundreds of hands are employed in the large blocks of buildings, close to which is a village occupied almost entirely by the work-people. The plant for heckling, preparing, spinning, and twisting is singularly complete, and threads for all kinds of sewing are produced of the highest quality. Messrs. Crawford Brothers dye upwards of three hundred absolutely fast colours, including the most artistic shades, which, together with their snow-whites, are famed for their exceptional lustre.

The firm of Messrs. J. and E. Waters and Co. dates from 1833. It has extensive mills at Hulme, Manchester, close to the entrance of the Ship Canal Docks, and also large bobbin-mills at Longtown, near Carlisle. Their productions are reputed to be second to none.

Messrs. William Waller and Co.'s firm was founded in 1830, and a very extensive business is carried on at

and elastic webbing. The process of doubling employs 1000 spindles, and that of throwing (twisting) gives work to 1200 spindles.

The cotton-plant or tree appears to have grown at some very indefinite period in Tartary, or, as it was called in early times, Scythia, where its fibres were woven into materials for clothing by the inhabitants. Those who have taken the trouble to inquire into the history of cotton have encountered in their

hoary with soft wool"; and Herodotus, writing more than four centuries before the Christian era, discoursing on India, reports "that they possess a kind of plant which, instead of fruit, produces wool of a finer and better quality than that of sheep. Of this the Indians make their clothes."

Although cotton was known in Egypt centuries ago, it is only during the present century that it has become a source of supply to ourselves and other countries. The Greeks had Indian calicoes two centuries before Christ, and the Romans a century later. In this country cotton seems to have been first used about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and then only as wicks for candles. It was not until 1641 that we knew anything of its manufacture.

As far back as 1590 cotton clothing of African manufacture was brought to this country from Benin, on the Guinea coast. It is curious that in China, where linen clothing is so generally worn, and where the cotton plant is now so largely cultivated, it did not make much progress until a considerable period after its introduction.

The main sources of the cotton supply are the Southern States of the American Union, and more than half of South America; the whole of the African Continent, and Southern Asia, as well as Australia and the islands lying between that country and Asia. Herbaceous cotton grows from 4 ft. to 6 ft. high, and bears a yellow flower. The height of tree-cotton is from 15 ft. to 20 ft.; its flower is red. Then there is a hirsute cotton, so called because its produce and branches are hoary in appearance; here the blossom is white. Barbadoes cotton grows from 6 ft. to 20 ft. in height, and to this classification belong those silky cottons known as "Sea Islands," which are grown on the coasts of Florida and Georgia. The "staple"—that is to say, the fibre—itself varies in length from two inches in Sea Islands to five-eighths of an inch in Bengal and China cottons. The cottons about which we hear most are American (United States), Brazil, Peru, Egyptian, and East Indian. The sorts known as Orleans, Texas, Uplands, and Mobile, all coming from the Southern States of America, are those upon which the world mainly depends.

A mistaken apprehension has got abroad that the English Sewing Cotton Company is to be antagonistic to the Coats Company. It is not so. Any rivalry there may be between these two mammoth combinations will be of the most friendly character. In the words of the *Drapers' Record*, which recently gave a masterly summary of the situation, "one of the main objects of the new company, working with the concurrence and, to a certain extent, in alliance with the famous Scotch combination, will be, as we understand it, to keep prices on a fair and reasonable basis, and to avoid altogether the disastrous policy of cutting, which has been in the past a fruitful source of mischief and losses. There can be little doubt that the whole trade will benefit by the cessation of the uncertain and periodic disturbances which, during recent years, have caused so much worry and trouble. It is altogether in the interests of the retailer to feel assured that the wholesale prices are fixed at a moderate level, so that he may buy without dreading spasmodic fluctuations in prices."

We have given but the barest outline of these important businesses, now about to be welded into a magnificent whole; and we feel certain that we may even thus early offer the various gentlemen concerned our heartiest congratulations on the triumph which is in store for them.



EGERTON MILLS, BOLTON (E. ASHWORTH AND SONS, LIMITED).



THE MILLS OF MESSRS. MANLOVE AND SONS.

Britannia Mills, Manchester. This firm manufactures very largely for foreign markets, and their specialties have deservedly gained a high reputation. It has on its books nearly all the leading shipping merchants who do business in sewing cotton for export, besides a goodly proportion of home trade accounts.

The Albert Mills, Manchester, are the property of Messrs. Marsland, Son, and Co., a firm which was established as far back as 1798 as spinners, doublers, and sewing-cotton manufacturers. The principal trade is with the shipping merchants of London, Manchester, etc., the firm enjoying a great reputation for cotton-balls for foreign markets, besides spools and other sewing cottons for home and foreign use. Their machinery for the production of cotton-balls is enthusiastically spoken of in the trade.

Mr. John Thomas Raworth is the proprietor of the old-established business known as the Crown Cotton Mills, Leicester. As far back as 1837 Mr. Raworth submitted samples of his cotton to her Majesty, and was given a Royal Warrant, which is still in force. Mr. Raworth's popular son ably seconds him in the management of this thriving business.

Last, but by no means least, we must make mention of Messrs. George Wigley and Co., whose Old Silk Mill at Derby was the first silk-throwing mill erected in the United Kingdom, dating, as it does, from 1717. It is built on an island in the Derwent, and contains something like 14,000 spindles. The present proprietor, Mr. George Wigley, who is universally popular, has managed the business with rare skill; hence its success. The mill has a high reputation for the throwing of the best qualities of sewing silks, hosiery, lace, embroidery, silk nets, fillosette, trimmings, gloves, ribbons, broad silk, upholstery, crapes,

land called Bucharra, where "are trees that bear wool as though it were of sheep, where all men make clothes and all things are made of wool."

There is little realms of imagination approaching fact, that Western Asia, from this part of the globe. books of India, cotton centuries before Christ. Virgil speaks of "the

doubt, to pass from the and fancy to something cotton was indigenous to whence it made its way to If we may credit the sacred was in use some eight In one of the "Georgics" groves of the Ethiopians



BELPER MILLS (W. G. AND J. STRUTT).

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

That universal mourning which blotted out all colour from our clothes last week has left behind it a significant souvenir in the frequent appearance of mauves and violets, which up to the sad and unexpected period of which I write had been taboo this season. Few colours have had to run the gauntlet of so much criticism as this same mauve, by the way. Violet in many phases, from its most correctly canonical tones to the extremest third-cousin shades coming under the title of petunia, has had a liberal vogue of late; but mauve, for some unexplained and inconsequent reason, has had no hearing worth the name ever since our aunts trimmed their lavender silks with violet long ago, and included the dread combination in their trousseaux. Now this is hard on mauve, for a prettier colour cannot be, nor one with more becoming possibilities for dark and fair alike, provided only that it is not made to go with a duck's-egg complexion. When skilfully blended with grey, as I have seen a dress done by "Viola" this week, the effect is also quite excellent. A square panel of mauve face-cloth, outlined in ivory silk guipure, was in this instance overlaid on the left side of a pearl-grey skirt. The bodice, beautifully embroidered in pale-coloured stones and silver sequins, was a liberal education in such handiwork. Slight draperies of mauve assisted an ineffably dainty bodice. The skirt, very bouffant hung, assisted to this outspread effect by accordion-pleated taffetas flounces attached to the lining at knee. So far from skirts falling limply about the feet, as some irresponsible *raconteurs* would have us believe, the very latest models inflate themselves to crinoline point behind. Absolutely some smart evening gowns just arrived from Paris are outspread to the verge of exaggeration. As to whether we shall adopt them with effusion just yet is unknown; but the fashion as she is worn stands thus. A white silk made in deep vandyked-accordion-pleated flounces gave quite the effect of a fantail-pigeon as its wearer moved about, each sharply peaked flounce being bordered with a narrow ruching of black Chantilly to greatly enhance its *ensemble* besides.

Scarcely there is no more excellent and distinguished duet of colours than this same mixture of black and white. Well worn and applied one to the other, a black and white or white and black gown redeems even the most uninteresting of her sex and century, and gives a certain *cachet* even to the plain woman which no other colour in 'or out of the rainbow can impart. There was a wonderfully accoutred white satin at a dinner party some evenings since, the skirt of which was trimmed with wavy lines of bias black satin laid around it in gradual widths, those at the top being widest. The bodice, long sleeved and pouched, was of white satin similarly treated. At the

back is à la Watteau, and has a fall of the same filmy stuff to round off its outlines. Every garment, more or less, is indeed assisted to its effects by chiffon at this juncture. Evening capes of the short order, which are still in favour, by reason, no doubt, of their usefulness, have second shorter capes or panels or vandykes, all of which are profusely flounced with the ever decorative chiffon; while the aprons of party-going gowns are outlined again with frills and ruchings of the same, which, brought up over the hips, are continued in wide sashes to the end of skirt at back.

Champagne, perennially in favour because of its many well-proved allurements, has now further lent its name to the fashionable colour of the moment, and this gown of champagne-coloured Irish poplin with sequin embroideries in jet and ivory is one of the best-done frocks it is possible to meet with. Flounces of the material are gathered into these sequined scrolls at each side, the front of apron being left plain; and a most becoming vest arrangement is negotiated with softly drawn white mousseline-de-soie, held in place by cross-bars of ruched black bébé ribbon. The belt, also black satin, is fastened under a stiffly erect bow in front, a large buckle of cut-jet enriched with pink coral cabuchons fitting into the waist behind. But champagne colour is not tied only to black and white adjuncts for its best rehearsed effects. I have also met it in a long evening coat of face-cloth, the wide collar and revers of which were carried out to admiration in chinchilla; grey and this delicate tone of *très sec* lying down most becomingly together.

To see well-frocked women gyrating to good music on the ice is one of the compensating effects offered by dark, drear, November London afternoons, and I not infrequently betake me to the frozen delights of Prince's Club or Niagara, there to see the world waltz in its very best gowns when no more pressing pastimes beset me. One of the last dresses worth remembering was a grey face-cloth made Moujik fashion, with vest and borderings of sable. Another was blue with small astrachan edged lapels of dull orange velvet, morsels of the colour peeping out on hat and muff. On the other hand, I was affected with modish megrims by the spectacle of two misguided young women, evidently sisters, skating about in white cloth costumes, unrelieved by even a fur or velvet collar. At a little distance they looked like well-warranted ghosts revisiting the glimpses of electricity in abbreviated night-gowns. White cloth frocks are, I maintain, only sympathetic to lazy river afternoons in mid July.

As to hats, we have not worn for some time anything in more becoming case than the jaunty little toque with two nodding, upstanding feathers perched just above the temple, which is so plentifully abroad just now. Those tip-tilted hats are really most engaging, and the best of present styles. In Paris *miroir* velvet, covered with black Chantilly lace, is the last combination for toques, and the rage of curling every possible and impossible feather even extends itself to the osprey, which, no more wildly waving free, is now expressed in stiff formal rings, which have first undergone a gumming process, to get them into this unbending attitude.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

There are twelve ladies duly nominated for seats on the London School Board. The constituencies which have a choice of two lady candidates are the City, Finsbury, and the Tower Hamlets. Those without a lady candidate are Southwark and Marylebone. Both these neglected constituencies have proved themselves willing to return lady members in past times; indeed, of the two ladies on the first Board (1870), one was returned by Marylebone at the head of the poll. On the first board on which I sat there were but four ladies, and two of them were returned by Southwark and Marylebone respectively, Hackney and Finsbury being the other two constituencies then electing women representatives. So it is not easy to understand why these two friendly boroughs are now neglected by lady candidates. On the present Board there are four lady members, of whom Mrs. Maitland, Mrs. Homan, and Miss Eve offer themselves for re-election; while Miss R. Davenport Hill retires after about eighteen years' service.

The Queen has been pleased to order that the peerage of Lord Burton, who has no son, shall descend to and through his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. This young lady is already the mother of a son. It is hard to understand why peerages of modern creation are practically always limited to male heirs. Lord Wolsley obtained, as a special favour, the right of descent to his only child, a daughter, in his patent of peerage; but this and Lord Burton's new grant are, I believe, the only recent instances. When the Crown itself passes to daughters in default of male heirs in the direct line, why should lesser honours not follow a like rule? We all know that when our gracious Queen came to the throne she did so to the exclusion of the living sons of King George III., the eldest of whom thought, and tried, not quite without success, to induce some other people to think, that he would be a much more suitable sovereign for a great nation than a girl; but not only did the public at large so little agree with this view that Greville declared that a revolution would inevitably have occurred had the Duke of Cumberland come to the throne, but the British Constitution also preferred the female heiress of the elder son to the next son in person. If the crown of England had followed the same rule as an ordinary coronet, however, it would have ignored Victoria's existence and passed to the Duke of Cumberland as next male heir. Why should there be a Salic law for peerages? It is the more curious that modern peerages should be granted to descend to male heirs only, because ancient ones were very usually transmitted to daughters also, and yet in those feudal times, the lord was under distinct personal obligations to warfare in his sovereign's cause, which the female heir could not fulfil, save by proxy.

"Convocation" of Owens College, Manchester, which includes the women's branch of the Victoria University, has done a lady the honour of electing her as a representative of the College on the University Court, or governing

body. The lady chosen is Miss Alice Cooke, M.A., one of the tutors in the woman's department, and formerly Jones Scholar in History.

The word "tutor" reminds me of the very lame excuse given for the refusal to allow Lady Ernestine Brudenell-Bruce to sit for a certificate of competency as a yacht-master, and so prove her ability to control her own yacht. The Board of Trade having refused to allow her to be examined, Lady Ernestine pressed them for a reason, and was informed that they conceive that the word "master"



AN IRISH POPLIN GOWN.

implies that the certificate is to be given only to men! The word "tutor" is equally masculine; so is "doctor"; and on all-fours with this Board's grammatical objection are "master of surgery" and "master of arts," yet women are examined for and hold these titles, and use them as implying *acquirements* that are independent of sex. So that is a very feeble barrier to set in the path of a woman to any test of her knowledge that she desires to submit to, and the consequent certificate if she prove her competency.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford has given the munificent donation of £3000 to the Home for Inebriate Women at Duxhurst, to clear off the debt.

A most interesting series of articles descriptive of life in Afghanistan is appearing in the *Lady's Pictorial*, written by Miss Lilius Hamilton, M.D., who was for some time physician to the Ameer, and who so won his confidence that he begged her to accompany his son to England on his recent visit, and to return with the young Prince and see him safe home again. Dr. Hamilton has resigned her appointment at the Afghan Court, and is about to take charge of an important charitable work at Liverpool. She is evidently going to correct some of our impressions in her articles. Here is one of her most surprising stories. A Mohammedan husband, holding a high position, neglected to visit one of his wives for twenty days. At last he went, and found the lady eating her dinner of *yulaff*—namely, shank of mutton, boiled with rice and oil. She seemed quite calm, and dutifully picked off the meat from her bone in shreds and placed it bite by bite before her neglectful lord and master. "He, poor man! was just thinking how easily he was going to get off, when, the bone being picked, the lady dealt him a tremendous blow with it, inflicting a jagged wound on his head. Now, one would have expected from one's preconceived ideas that for such *lèse-majesté* an Eastern wife would have been instantly executed by torture. Not at all. When the Ameer heard of the event in open Court, he and his suite received the tale with roars of laughter and chaff for the poor ill-treated husband; and Dr. Hamilton dined with the couple shortly after, and persuaded them to make it up!

The jury of the Great International Exhibition at Brussels has awarded, "Le Grand Prix"—this being the highest distinction the Exhibition can bestow—to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, for their pure concentrated cocoa and other specialities. The firm has now obtained more than two hundred and fifty grands prix, gold medals, and diplomas at the leading international exhibitions. Truly a unique and wonderful record!

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A DAINTY TEA-JACKET.

waist it joined a black embroidered corselet of emerald *miroir* velvet, and the sleeves were of old ivory Venetian lace.

White, with lightly laid touches of jet and steel, is also an alliance to be reckoned with, as may be gathered from the outlines of this very dainty tea-jacket in creamy white satin with a guipure pattern wrought in beads and paillettes of steel and cut-jet, three large buttons at each side of the coat-shaped fronts bearing out this decoration, as well as a buckle to mark the waist and confine those frills of silk-embroidered lisse which trim both sides of front. The sleeves are worth notice, being composed of an embroidered strap of satin into which chiffon is fully gathered. The

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Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T. L. J. BENT (Bombay).—We fear we do not understand your inquiry; but No. 2786 cannot be solved in the way you propose. As for your own compositions, we regret we cannot accept them for publication.

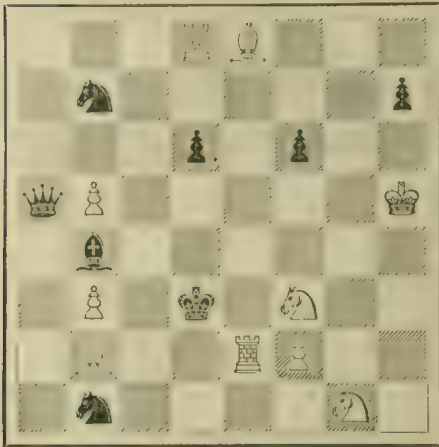
G. F. HUGHES (Portsmouth).—Kindly send us a diagram of your problem, to avoid mistakes.

C. B. ADAMS (Framingham, Mass.).—The point you mention shall be considered in our examination of the problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2781 and 2782 received from Chiquiquian y Tartella (Miramar, Chile); of Nos. 2788 and 2787 from C. A. M. (Venang); of No. 2789 from Rev. Armand de Rosset (Montreal, Quebec); of No. 2790 from Thomas E. Laurent (Bombay); Rev. Armand de Rosset (Montreal, Quebec); of No. 2791 from E. Worthington (Montreal) and Rev. Armand de Rosset (Montreal, Quebec); of No. 2792 from James Clark (Chicago); of No. 2793 from E. Worthington (Montreal), James Clark (Chicago), and Joseph Whittingham (Weymouth); of No. 2794 from C. E. M. (Ayr); L. Desanges, Joseph Whittingham, R. H. Brooks, E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), H. S. Brundage (Corfu), Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), W. Maw (Hull), H. P. Salmon (Nottingham), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and D. Newton (Lisbon).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2791 received from Edward J. Sharpe, Joseph Whittingham (Weymouth), L. Desanges, Fred Green (Bristol), Dr. Waltz (Hildesberg), W. H. Bryce Jones (Avalon), John G. Lord (Cheltenham), J. M. K. (Fulham), Captain Spencer, Sorrento, J. D. Tucker (Hilley), Dr. F. C. (Joseph Wilson (Chester), T. G. (Ware), Shadforth, J. Bailey (Newark), A. B. (Almondsbury), C. E. Peruzzi, Mrs. Wilson (Blymouth), T. Roberts, James Rolfe (Chilton), R. Womersley (Canterbury), W. A. Barnes (L. P. (Lougham), G. Hawkins (Camberwell), L. Loukin, Thomas Marriott (Mallow), J. Meredith (Hoxton), and R. H. Brooks.

PROBLEM No. 2793.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2793.—By REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 5th
2. Q to B 8th (ch)
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 2nd, or 1. Kt to Kt 5th, then 2. Q to B 4th, and mate next move.

CHESS IN HUNGARY.

Game played between Messrs. R. CHAROUZEK and M. WOLLNER.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th P takes P
3. P to Q B 3rd P takes P
4. B to B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
5. K Kt to B 3rd B to B 4th
6. Kt takes P P to Q 3rd
7. Castles Castles
8. Kt to K Kt 5th
9. Kt to K 5th
10. P to K 6th
11. P to K 6th Q to R 5th
12. P takes R (ch) K to B sq
13. B to B 4th Kt takes B P
14. Q to K 2nd
15. K to B sq
16. Q to R 5th
17. Q to R 5th (ch) R takes Q
18. P takes R (Q) (ch) B takes Q
19. B takes Q P (dis ch and mate)

CHESS IN MANCHESTER.

Game played in a simultaneous exhibition between Messrs. J. H. BLACKBURN and J. E. GOODWIN.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. B to B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd P to Kt 4th
5. P to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd
6. P to B 3rd P to Q 3rd
7. Castles Kt to R 3rd
8. P to R 4th P to B 3rd
9. Kt to R 3rd
10. Kt to B 2nd Q to K 2nd
11. B to Q 2nd Castles (Q R)
12. Q to K 2nd K R to K sq
13. K R to K sq Kt to B 2nd
14. B takes Kt Q takes B
15. P takes P B takes Kt
16. Q takes B P takes P
17. P to Q Kt 4th Q to Kt 3rd
18. P to Kt 5th Kt to R 4th
19. Kt to R 3rd P to R 4th
20. Q to B sq R to B sq
21. R to Kt 4th
22. Q to Q sq P to B 6th
23. R to B sq Q takes P
24. P to Kt 3rd P to K 7th
25. Q takes Q P takes Q
26. R to K sq Q R to K sq
27. Kt to B 2nd R to B 6th
28. Kt to Kt 2nd R to Q 6th
29. B to B 4th R takes B P
30. R to R 4th R takes Kt
31. R takes Kt B takes P
32. P to Kt 5th B takes P
33. R takes K R P to B 6th
34. R (R 5th) to R sq B takes R
35. R takes B P to Q 4th
36. K to B 2nd P to Q 5th
Black wins.

An important match, arising out of the recent Berlin Congress, has been arranged between Messrs. Walbrodt and Janowski, who held the second and fourth places respectively in the prize list. The stakes are fifty pounds a-side, and the player who scores most points in six games is to be declared the winner. The first round was drawn, and a close and exciting contest may be expected.

Mr. E. M. Baker, the well-known Oxford and international football player, has decided to take holy orders. It is expected he will be licensed as a curate of St. Alban's, Birmingham.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 24, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1896), of Mr. George Palmer, J.L., M.P., for Reading 1878-85, senior partner in the firm of Huntley and Palmer, biscuit-makers, Reading, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Nov. 2 by George William Palmer, Alfred Palmer, and Walter Palmer, the sons, and Richard Ford Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £964,377. The testator bequeaths the casket presented to him by the Corporation of Reading, with the roll therein making him a freeman of the borough, and the piece of furniture he had made to contain same, the album containing the signatures of the subscribers to his statue in Broad Street, the portrait in oils of himself and his late wife, the marble bust of himself by Eli Johnson, and his gold watch, chain, and seal, with his coat-of-arms, to his son George William; twice the amount of his usual annual subscription each to the Reading Hospital and the Reading Dispensary; £140,000, upon trust, for his son Lewis; £75,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Elizabeth Hope; £70,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Emily Poulton and Mrs. Alice Mary Waller; and considerable legacies to his executor, Mr. Smith, sons-in-law, late wife's sisters, private secretary, persons now and late in the employ of his firm, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. As to his interest in the business of Huntley and Palmer, he gives one third each to his sons, George William, Alfred, and Walter. The Marlston estate, the estate and manor of Eling, and the estates of Bothampstead and Oakhouse, Berks, he devises to his son George William; the estate and manor of Bysshe Court, Surrey, to his son Alfred; and his property in the parish of Wootton St. Lawrence, in the county of Southampton, to his son Walter. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons, George William, Alfred, and Walter, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1892) of Mr. Henry Adams, of 250, Camden Road, and Graytham House, Worthing, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Nov. 1 by George Henry Adams and John Mountjoy Adams, the sons, and Hubert Timmas, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £104,992. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture and effects, and the use of his leasehold house in the Camden Road and of his freehold premises at Worthing to his wife, Mrs. Mary Adams; £100 to Hubert Timmas, and during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Adams, annuities of £50 each to his daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for her life or until she shall again marry, and then as to £1000 to his son, George Henry Adams; £2000 to his son, John Mountjoy Adams, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his daughters, Mabel Clara Adams, Kate Elizabeth Adams, Amy Hannah Adams, Emily Mary Adams, and Lillian Mountjoy Adams, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1896), with two codicils (dated March 9 and Aug. 11, 1897), of Mr. James Colmer, of Redland Knoll, Bristol, who died on Aug. 13, was proved in the Bristol District Registry on Sept. 30 by James

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Henry Colmer, the son, Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Eyre, the daughter, and Christopher Bevan Thring, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £145,579. The testator gives £200, his wines and consumable stores, the use for life of such furniture and household effects to the value of £300 as she may select, and an annuity of £400 to his wife, Mrs. Lydia Colmer; the remainder of his household furniture between his children; £500, upon trust, for the Bath United Hospital; £200 each to his nephews John and James Cann and his niece Dorothy Cann; £200 each to Annie Jeffery, Rhoda Keene, Nellie Keene, Annie Carter, Margaret Carter, and Sarah Jane Walker; £300 each to his nieces Sarah Tudge and Alice Jones; £200, upon trust, for his nephew William Colmer; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children and his two grandchildren, the children of his daughter Florence, in equal shares, per capita.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1893), with two codicils (dated Oct. 22, 1894, and Sept. 11, 1896), of the Right Rev. William Walsham How, D.D., Bishop of Wakefield, of Bishopcarrth, Wakefield, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Oct. 30 by Thomas Maynard How, the brother, Frederick Douglas How, and the Rev. Henry Walsham How, the sons, and William Maynard How, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £72,240. The testator gives £400 to his son Frederick Douglas How; £600 to his son Archibald Wybergh How; £6700 to his son Charles Christian How; and £7800 to his son

Francis Ambrose How; these legacies, together with the funds of his marriage settlement and with sums advanced to them in his lifetime, will make the shares of his children equal. He further bequeaths £100 each to his children; his episcopal and Doctor of Divinity robes and hoods to the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to be given to such Colonial Bishop as he may select; many specific gifts of silver and articles of household use to members of his family; and legacies to servants. The residue he leaves, upon trust, for his children, Frederick Douglas How, Mrs. Ellen Frances Kenyon, Henry Walsham How, Archibald Wybergh How, Charles Christian How, and Francis Ambrose How, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1896) of Mr. George Chester Cooper, of North Lodge, Addlestone, Surrey, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Oct. 26 by Henry Vernon Cooper and Robert Granville Cooper, the sons, and Henry Fielder Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,625. The testator bequeaths £500 to his daughter Mrs. Laura Madeline Andrews; £2000 to his daughter Florence Mabel Cooper; £100 each to his executors; and his books to his son Robert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves in equal shares to his children, except his daughter Mrs. Andrews, who is otherwise provided for.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1895) of Miss Ellen Churton, of Argyle Lodge, Southborough, Kent, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Oct. 26 by Frederick Dawson, Frederick Taylor, and the Rev. Henry Churton, the nephew,

the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,389. The testatrix gives £300 to Mrs. Emily Halls; £500, upon trust, for her nephew John Charles Burch Sanders; £3000 equally between the children of her deceased brother Charles Churton; £1000 to her nephew the Rev. Henry Churton; all her silver and china to her nephew Henry and the daughters of her deceased brother Charles; and a few small legacies to executors and friends. The residue of her property, including the one-sixth share of the residuary estate of her father William Churton, over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves to her nieces, the daughters of her said brother Charles.

The will (dated May 14, 1896), with two codicils (dated July 7, and Oct. 9, 1896), of Mrs. Emma Georgiana Eleanor Cockburn, widow, of 35, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, who died at Folkestone on Aug. 25, was proved on Oct. 29 by Lieutenant-Colonel William Newbigging, and Arthur Frederick D'Oyly, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,612 18s. 5d. The testatrix bequeaths all portraits called the "Cockburn Portraits" to Major George Cockburn; £1000 each to her sister, Louisa Margaret Anne D'Oyly, her nephew, Francis Henry D'Oyly, her niece, Edith Augusta Jenmett, and Mrs. Emily Louisa Reid; £2000 each to her sister, Sophia Katharine Gambier Lambarde, and her nephew, Arthur Frederick D'Oyly; £50 each to her executors, and many specific gifts of plate and jewels to relatives and friends, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, George Halford D'Oyly.

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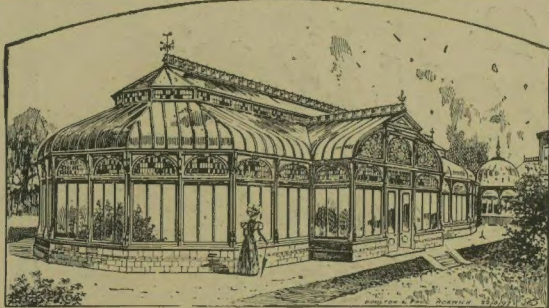
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MUSIC.

The Lamoureux Concerts began on the Wednesday of last week, and afforded the none too large audience that gathered together at the Queen's Hall a most interesting spectacle. M. Lamoureux, as we all know, astonished London recently by the playing of the French orchestra that had so long been associated with his name in Paris. Then we noted the exquisite unanimity, the clean phrasing, the careful attention to detail, which so distinguished that orchestra. It was, therefore, a somewhat curious experiment to place this great conductor suddenly at the head of new forces, that men might note how much of this wonderful perfection was due to the year-long combination of the same players and how much to the overmastering personality of the conductor.

The result was certainly to show that M. Lamoureux is a much more masterful influence than many of us had before suspected. His band was that which usually plays under Mr. Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall, and it may be said at the outset that, at all events, the results obtained from the two conductors were very different from one

another. It would be idle to assert that the French conductor secured the same neatness, accuracy, and precision from his new orchestra as from his old Parisian band; but he did go a good way towards obtaining these qualities, thereby demonstrating that it was his particular mastery which had before produced this particular effect. The programme, unfortunately, was a poor one, although it included Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," which went best in its noisier moments. The future programmes, one notes, however, are more interesting, and it will be possible then to speak with greater definiteness when we have heard M. Lamoureux play more and better music under the new conditions that have been imposed upon him.

Mr. Henschel having too sadly stepped into space and deserted the orchestral entertainments of London, the Philharmonic Society entered the breach and gave their first concert of the season on Thursday, Nov. 4, at the Queen's Hall. According to preliminary announcement, Dr. Eduard Grieg, now certainly one of the most widely known of European musicians, should have conducted certain of his own compositions at this concert; but at the last moment it was announced that owing to an acute attack of bronchitis

he was unable to be present, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie accordingly took charge of the whole of the programme. Truth to say, it was a little dull. The Grieg works were much applauded, and indeed two selections were even encored, but there cannot be a reasonable doubt that the extremely keen competition between the popular bands of London at the present day has left the Philharmonic pretty much upon a secondary level of accomplishment. Time was, of course, when the uniqueness and the prestige of this band secured for it a curiously separate place in the musical world. Now, in literal truth, all can grow the flower, for all have got the seed. It cannot honestly be maintained that Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, with which the concert ended, was played with any exquisite freshness of interpretation.

Mr. August Manns is doing wonders at the Crystal Palace. It is well understood that, owing to circumstances of convenience, a necessity arose for practically changing the greater part of the old Sydenham orchestra. It was a task which would have tried any conductor; that a man of Mr. Manns's age should not only undertake the task, but also carry it through with conspicuous success, speaks

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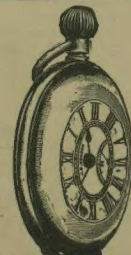
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volumes for his power and his amazing personal influence. On Saturday last, for example, when he played Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, it was scarcely possible to know that any change whatever had taken place in his orchestra. The interpretation had all the old precision combined with the romance which we have long associated with every Beethoven work played by Mr. Manns. Mr. Eugen d'Albert took the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, and played with the fine and massive skill which distinguishes this extraordinarily fine artist. In a word, Mr. Manns's Saturday concerts still maintain all their own old reputation for excellence.

Groote Schuur was not "the house that Rhodes built," but it was the place that he loved most perhaps—which may account for the fact that an elaborately illustrated portfolio of the mansion has just been issued by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Groote Schuur was an old Dutch mansion, at least a century old, which was purchased by Mr. Rhodes in 1892. He had made it into a veritable museum of African history, where he had

gathered together a library of two thousand volumes, and was attended entirely by menservants—English, Mashonas, Shangaans, Basutos, Zulus, and Pondos alike. Immediately behind it rose Table Mountain and Devil's Peak, and in the twelve thousand acres demesne he had gathered together a typical collection of South African animals. Last December, as most readers will remember, the historic mansion was gutted by fire, and much sympathy was expressed for Mr. Rhodes from all parts of the colony.

The Empire has lately lost three of its Premiers. The fortunes of political warfare have dethroned Sir William Whiteway in Newfoundland; ill-health has compelled the Hon. James Mitchell to resign the leadership of the New Brunswick Government; and the gold magnet has drawn Premier Peters from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. It is not easy to explain the overthrow of Sir William Whiteway. He has for many years held in Newfoundland public life pretty much the same position that Sir John Macdonald long held in Canada. Newfoundland to the outside world was Sir William Whiteway, and Sir William Whiteway was Newfoundland. He personified many of

the failings and pettinesses of the Colonial politician, but he, at least, did more than any other man has done for the colony, and it is only another instance of the strange irony of life that the people he has served through a long lifetime should desert him just when they are reaping the fruits of his greatest effort—the completion of the island railway and the development of the abundant mineral and forest wealth of the interior. Some suggest that the splendour of a Jubilee G.C.M.G. and Queen's Privy Councillor was too much for the simple Newfoundland fisherman. However that may be, the Colonial Office may look out for Newfoundland squalls now that the compliant Sir William is replaced by shrewd energetic men like Sir James Winter and Mr. Morine.

An astonishing story comes from Gibraltar. A French cruiser happened to be in the port when the British Fleet arrived on Trafalgar Day. Being only a third-class cruiser, this vessel was not qualified by naval etiquette to "salute" in the usual fashion; but the ship's band played "Twins in Trafalgar's Bay!" As a piece of magnanimity, this cannot be surpassed. What do the boulevard journals in Paris think of it?

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